WOMEN WHO WEAR TROUSERS AND MEN WHO WEAR PETTICOATS.

(See page 168.)

THE ROYAL MAGAZINE

3D.

Published by C. ARTHUR PEARSON Ltd., London, W.C.

No. 8. Vol. II.—June, 1899.

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3½ NET.

THE WORLD'S MEDICINE.

SALE EXCEEDS

6,000,000 BOXES ANNUALLY.

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Pomp.

'Give me Health and a Day, and
I will make the Pomp of Emperors Ridiculous.'—*Emerson.*

"As an illustration of the BENEFICIAL EFFECTS of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT,' I give you particulars of the case of one of my friends. His whole life was clouded by the want of vigorous health, and SLUGGISH LIVER and its concomitant BILIOUS HEADACHES so affected him, that he was obliged to live upon only a few articles of diet, and to be most sparing in their use. This did nothing in effecting a cure, although persevered in for some twenty-five years, and also consulting very eminent members of the faculty. By the use of your simple 'FRUIT SALT,' however, he now ENJOYS VIGOROUS HEALTH, has NEVER had HEADACHE or CONSTIPATION since he commenced it, and can partake of his food in such a hearty manner as to afford great satisfaction to himself and friends. There are others to whom your remedy has been SO BENEFICIAL in various kinds of complaints that I think you may very well extend its use *pro bono publico.* I find that it makes a VERY REFRESHING, SOOTHING, PURIFYING, and INVIGORATING drink.—I remain, dear Sir, yours faithfully, VERITAS."—(*From the late Rev. J. W. Neil, Holy Trinity Church, North Shields.*)

Experience.

'We gather the Honey of Wisdom
From Thorns, not from Flowers.'—*Lytton.*

HOW TO AVOID

THE INJURIOUS EFFECTS OF STIMULANTS

THE PRESENT SYSTEM OF LIVING—partaking of too rich foods, as pastry, saccharine, and fatty substances, alcoholic drinks, and an insufficient amount of exercise—FREQUENTLY DERANGES the LIVER. I would ADVISE all BILIOUS PEOPLE, unless they are careful to keep the liver acting freely, to exercise great care in the use of alcoholic drinks; avoid sugar, and always dilute largely with water. EXPERIENCE SHOWS that porter, mild ales, port wine, dark sherries, sweet champagne, liqueurs, and brandies are ALL very APT to DISAGREE; while light white wines, and gin or old whisky largely diluted with pure mineral water, will be found the least objectionable. ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' is PECULIARLY ADAPTED for any CONSTITUTIONAL WEAKNESS of the LIVER; it possesses the power of reparation when digestion has been disturbed or lost, and PLACES the INVALID on the RIGHT TRACK to HEALTH. A WORLD of WOES is AVOIDED by those who KEEP and USE ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' Therefore NO FAMILY SHOULD EVER BE WITHOUT IT.

THE VALUE OF ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' CANNOT BE TOLD.

Its success in Europe, Asia, Africa, America, Australia, and New Zealand, proves it.

Its effect upon any DISORDERED, SLEEPLESS, FEVERISH condition or FEVERISH COLD, is SIMPLY MARVELLOUS. It is, in fact, NATURE'S OWN REMEDY, and an UNSURPASSED ONE.

CAUTION.—*See Capsule marked ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' Without it you have a WORTHLESS imitation.*

Prepared only by J. C. ENO, Ltd., at the 'FRUIT SALT' WORKS, London, by J. C. ENO'S Patent.

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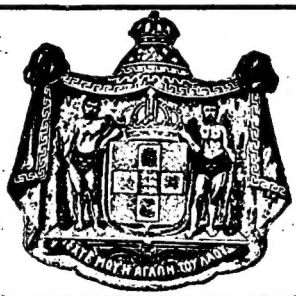
UNDER ROYAL PATRONAGE.

EDWARDS' "HARLENE" FOR THE HAIR

The Great Hair Producer and Restorer.

The Finest Dressing, specially Prepared and Delicately Perfumed. A Luxury and a Necessity to every Modern Toilet.



Athens, Greece.

Monsieur Philosophow is commanded by HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN OF GREECE to remit the amount for the Six Bottles of HARLENE duly received.

Crown Prince's Palace, Athens.

H.R.H. Princess Marie of Greece says:—Messrs. Edwards' preparation, 'Harlene' for the Hair, has given entire satisfaction.

1/-, 2/6, and (3 times 2/6 size) 4/6 per Bottle, from Chemists, Hairdressers, and Stores all over the World.

A LUXURY IN TOILET SOAPS. "LILINE." FOR THE SKIN AND COMPLEXION, 6d. per TABLET.

EDWARDS' "HARLENE" CO., 95 & 96, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.

A PHENOMENAL SUCCESS!

LADIES!!! You can now clean your GRATES & STOVES

In HALF the TIME, with HALF the LABOUR, and secure DOUBLE the EFFECT

by using

ABSOLUTELY THE BEST.

ASK THE OPINION OF THOSE WHO USE IT

TWICE AS MUCH USED AS ANY OTHEB STOVE POLISH ON EARTH.

THE ONLY UP-TO-DATE STOVE POLISH IN THE MARKET.

In Paste and Block of all Dealers.

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10/6 **Allen Foster & Co** 10/6

SOLE MAKERS OF

THE 'ALFOSCO' COSTUMES

Buy direct at First Cost from the leading firm of London Manufacturers.

Design No. 97.

10/6

Patterns and Sketches Post Free.

DESIGN No. 97. 10/6.

DESIGN No. 97, **10/6**, is the smart and fashionable **Chesterfield** Coat and Skirt. It consists of a Tailor-made Single-Breasted Coat with velvet collar, and full, well-made Skirt. This smart Costume is made in the smooth faced **Venetian Cloth** or in the famous **SpecialiteSerge** for **10/6** Costume complete, carriage paid, 6d. ex. Skirt alone, **5/6**; car. 5d. Colours in Specialité Serge and Venetian Cloth: Black, Navy, Grey, Fawn, Brown, Myrtle, Bronze-Green, Purple, Electric, New Blue, Ruby, Dark Grey, &c. Any length cut at 1/3 per yard, 52 inches wide.

When ordering, please give measurement round bust (under arms), length of sleeve inside, size of waist and length of skirt in front.

Satisfaction guaranteed.

DESIGN No. 131 is a Special Line in **Ladies' Costume Skirts**, Black and Navy Serge, lined through, price only **3/11**; carriage 5d. extra. Also special lines in *Underskirts, Ladies' Blouses, Shirts, Gloves, Ties, &c.* Catalogue post free.

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BEDSTEADS *of Every Description for Institution or Domestic Use.*

DIRECT FROM MANUFACTORY

Bedding, Spring Mattresses, Cots, &c., &c.

Latest Designs & Improvements.

Large Stock. Quick Delivery.

Carriage Paid, Packed Free. Discount for Cash.

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"CAMP" COFFEE

IS THE BEST.

PRODUCING A CUP OF DELICIOUS COFFEE AT A MOMENTS NOTICE.

Southall's Patent Boots.

No laces and no seams. Calf uppers, with or without toe-caps. Capital boot for business or Sunday wear. Wide welts, stitched forepartsEnglish oak bark tanned soles.

14s. 6d.

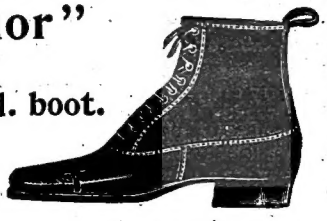
Postage extra:

6d. British Isles.
2s. Europe.
3s. 6d. South Africa, Australia, South America, India, and other distant parts.

"Thor"

No. 74.

14s. 6d. boot.



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Selected black English calf or tan calf uppers.

Lined with linen or leather, or without lining, as preferred.

Made with toe-caps, unless ordered without.

English oak bark tanned soles.

Forepartsof sole stitched.

Medium or wide welt.

Postage extra as above.

We make boots for men only. We save you middlemen's profit; make each pair to measure: and guarantee a good and comfortable fit. Orders are executed in six days from receipt of instructions.

Catalogue free. Our new Catalogue for the season is ready. It is arranged to make it easy to select the boot you require. It gives illustrations, specifications, and prices; also explains the advantages to be gained by buying direct from the manufacturers.

Please write for a copy and self-measurement form.

Mention this paper when writing.

Southall & Co.,

Boot Experts, Kirkstall Road, Leeds.

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MEDICINES FOR DOMESTIC USE.

Indigestion, Flatulence, &c.

Bismuth, Pepsine & Chlorodyne Tablets.—The most effectual remedy for severe or long-standing cases of Indigestion, especially when attended with pain, flatulence, heartburn, acidity or spasms. This combination of medicines seems to be absolutely a specific for such cases, and affords almost instantaneous relief. They are also of service where there is flushing of the face, and general discomfort after eating.

The theory of the good effect of these Tablets is—

THE BISMUTH removes any gastric irritation and acidity.

THE PEPSINE completes the digestion of food not yet thoroughly acted upon by the gastric fluid.

THE CHLORODYNE allays all pain and discomfort.

A Physician reports—"In those frequent cases of Dyspepsia, where excessive acidity and flatulence, with pain and general discomfort, follow every meal, the immediate relief afforded by these Tablets is a genuine reality.

Bottles, 1/- and 2/6 each, post free.

Blood Purifier.

Sulphide of Calcium Tablets (Sugar-Coated.)—Of the greatest service where eruptions of the skin, such as pimples, blotches, boils, &c., show an impure state of the blood. The skin quickly acquires the clear bright appearance which is an unerring certificate of good health. Medical Journals report long-standing cases of acne cured by the use of this medicine. It is remarkable also for its property of dispersing boils.—*Bottles 2/6 only, post free.*

Sleeplessness, Headache.

Tri-Bromide Tablets.—These Tablets have a remarkable calmative influence on the nerves.

This is most noticeable where overwork, grief, or worry causes dreamy, broken rest at night. The Tri-Bromide Tablets in such cases produce a tranquil state of the nervous system, and thus induce healthy and refreshing sleep.

They are a remedy for headache and for nervous irritability, and may be taken at any time for this purpose.

The Bromides are an admirable soothing remedy for hysterical patients.—*Bottles 1/-, treble size, 2/6.*

Nervous Exhaustion, &c.

Compound Hypophosphite Tablets (Sugar-Coated).—These Tablets are composed of the Hypophosphites of Potassium, Calcium, Manganese, &c., combined with Nux Vomica. They are recommended where a powerful restorative and vitalising medicine is required.

This combination of Tonics is essentially a *Brain and Nerve Food*, and is of infinite value in want of nerve power, lowness of spirits, whether brought on by too close an application to business, over-study, weakness after influenza, bronchitis, poorness of blood, or other causes of nervous exhaustion.

They increase mental activity and muscular power, and even after the fourth dose only, signs of benefit usually appear. The circulation quickens, appetite improves, mental exhaustion and fatigue occur less frequently, and returning health and vigour become more evident daily.

Students, literary, professional and business men, who are habitually overworked, or periodically subject to mental strain, derive immense benefit from a course of these Tablets, as they supply the system with the necessary elements for making good the "wear and tear" incurred by the modern high-pressure mode of life. *Sold in 2/6 Bottles only, post free.*

Hæmorrhoids or Piles.

Cocaine and Bismuth Suppositories.—A wonderfully effectual remedy, giving instant and remarkable relief. The curative properties of these Suppositories are exerted on affected parts which ordinary applications, such as ointments, fail to reach.—*Boxes, 1/9: treble size, 4/6; post free.*

The presence of Piles indicates a congested condition of the Liver, and a gentle stimulus directed to that organ by means of Compound Cascara Tablets greatly hastens a cure.

Compound Cascara Tablets *are sold in 1/- and 2/6 (treble size) Bottles.*

SEND FOR COMPLETE LIST.

(Your address on a post card will do.)

This List contains full particulars of all domestic medicines, and proper treatment for Asthma, Piles, Rheumatism, Gout, Constipation, Anæmia, Colds, Coughs, Throat Affections, Neuralgia, Diarrhœa, Sleeplessness, Nervous Breakdown, and other Common Ailments.

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KILBY PEARS & SON,

16, Western Rd., HOVE,

BRIGHTON.

By this system Customers ensure receiving the goods in faultless condition by return of post.

All Packages are sent secure from observation.

POSTAGE FREE.

COLONIAL ORDERS above Ten Shillings in amount also sent post free.

Sold in 1/- & 2/6 Bottles, post free.

KILBY PEARS & SON
BISMUTH, PEPSINE, and CHLORODYNE
TABLETS
For the Immediate Relief of INDIGESTION, HEARTBURN, FLATULENCE & SPASMS.
DOSE—Two to be taken after each meal.
16, WESTERN ROAD, Hove, Brighton.

Sold in 1/- & 2/6 Bottles, post free.

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LILLEY & SKINNER HAVE OVER 70 BRANCHES IN LONDON.
Head Depots: 275 & 276, HIGH HOLBORN; 115, BROMPTON ROAD; 63, WESTBOURNE GROVE; and SLOANE SQUARE.
Illustrated Price List Post Free.

LONDON & LANCASHIRE FIRE
INSURANCE COMPANY,
LIVERPOOL,
And 73 to 76, King William Street, LONDON, E.C.
Liberal Commission allowed for Introduction of Business.
AGENTS WANTED.

The Electropoise
CURES DISEASE WITHOUT MEDICINE.
HOW? By its New Method of introducing Oxygen directly into the entire Circulation.
It has Cured Chronic Cases pronounced "INCURABLE."
☞ *NOT A BATTERY OR BELT.* ☜
Write for book, telling "What It Is" and "How It Cures." POST FREE.
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THE BEST BROWN BREAD IN THE WORLD!!
MANHU Regd.
Made from **MANHU** FLOUR, a happy medium between the impoverished white flour, which is robbed of its best nutriment, and the now common Germ flour, which is overloaded with offals from the white flour. No mixture can possibly be as useful as that of the constituents in wheat made by Nature.
Ask your Baker for **MANHU** BREAD, or send 6d. in stamps for Sample Loaf to **London Depot, 88, Charing Cross Road, W.C.**
MADE BY ALL GOOD BAKERS FROM "MANHU" FLOUR.
MANUFACTURERS:—
IRVING, SON & JONES, LIVERPOOL.
WHOLESALE PROVINCIAL AGENTS:—
WRIGHT, CROSSLEY & CO., LIVERPOOL; and at 60, ST. ENOCH SQUARE, GLASGOW.
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A JEWEL OF A PEN

The CALTON Stylographic Pen is the best because it is the simplest, most durable, holds more ink, and writes easier than a lead pencil, does not leak, and can be carried in any position. Sent complete for **3s.**, post free. **JEWEL FOUNTAIN PEN,** with 16ct. gold nib, iridium tipped, chased holder, **5s.**; mounted, **7s. 6d.**

DEPT. A: JEWEL PEN CO., 58, FENCHURCH ST., LONDON, E.C.

TO COLOUR GREY HAIR TRY ALEXANDRE'S SHADEINE

TRIAL BOTTLE, **6d.** Per post, **7d.**

SHADEINE colours grey or faded hair BLONDE, LIGHT or DARK BROWN, BLACK, AUBURN, and GOLDEN. It contains neither lead, silver, mercury, sulphur, nor anything injurious. *Guaranteed not to burn the hair, produce an unnatural tint, but to be permanent, washable, free from grease or stickiness, and* **ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS.** A Medical Certificate with every Bottle. Large Bottle, **3/6**; post free, 3/9. Trial Bottle, **6d.**; post free, 7d. (Secretly packed.) *Est.* 1861.

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WIRE CYCLE SADDLE

(WOODS' PATENT).

These Saddles are now fitted with a Patent Wrought Steel Clip. Weight of Saddle greatly reduced.

NO MORE CHAFING. AN IDEAL SADDLE FOR LADY OR GENTLEMAN.

Fitted with Leather Cover.

May be had from all Dealers.

If any difficulty, apply for Sample direct.

One Month's Trial Allowed.

WOODS' PATENT GALVANISED STEEL WIRE MATTRESSES AND BEDSTEADS.

Carriage Paid, and Liberal Cash Discount allowed.

Guaranteed for Five Years.

EXHIBITED Carrying ONE TON AT *Liverpool, Manchester, and other Exhibitions.*

Catalogues and Prices free on application to the

LONGFORD WIRE CO., Ltd., WARRINGTON.

London Show Rooms: **61, ST. MARY AXE.**

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SILVER QUEEN CYCLES.

ON MONTHLY PAYMENTS. Immense Stock Ladies and Gent's New and Secondhand. Wonderful bargains. Carriage paid. Easy payments, from **10/-** monthly, or large cash discount. 1 year's guarantee. *Illus. Price Lists post free on application.* Old bicycles exchanged. — THE SILVER QUEEN CYCLE CO., LTD., 221, Tottenham Court Road, London.

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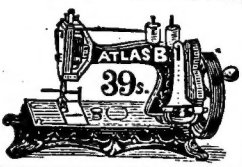
DESTROYS BUGS FLEAS MOTHS BEETLES

TINS 3D 6D & 1S

"ATLAS" LOCKSTITCH MACHINE 39S.



Equal in size and quality to any machine. Works by hand or treadle. Four years' guarantee.

To ensure satisfaction, machine sent on receipt of 5s. P.O. for ONE MONTH'S TRIAL. Balance can be paid **5s. MONTHLY.** Write for designs and samples of work—**The Atlas Sewing-Machine Co.,** 183E, High St., Camden Town, London; or 63, Seven Sisters Rd.; and 14, High Rd., Kilburn. (Mention this Magazine).

Holders of Twenty-two Special Royal and Imperial Warrants of Appointment.

To Her Majesty the Queen.

Egerton Burnett's Royal ETB Serges

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PURE WOOL. PERMANENT DYE.

To H.R.H. the Princess of Wales.

IMPERIAL DRESS FABRICS

A vast variety of shades and prices in beautiful and fashionable Weavings.

LADIES' **Plain Tailor-made Skirts, from 10/-**
Cycling Skirts, from 11/3

GENTLEMEN'S **and Boys' Suits made to measure, from Serges, Homespuns, Tropical Tweeds, &c.**

NEW PATTERNS. *with Self-measurement Forms and Price Lists, post free.*

Any Length Sold. Carriage Paid on orders of **20/-** and above to any Railway Station in the United Kingdom. Special Rates for Foreign Parts. Goods packed for Exportation. **No Agents.**

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BANKRUPTCY.

Re BRITISH CARPET WEAVING CO., late of Old St., London.

F. HODGSON & SON, of Leeds, have purchased for cash the whole of the business, goodwill, and effects from the Official Trustee in Bankruptcy. Reduced Sale Prices of Carpets and Hearthrugs can be had post free if, when writing, you mention *The Royal Magazine*, June, 1899

AXMINSTER, WILTON, BRUSSELS, KIDDERMINSTER, &c.

All Orders and future Communications must be addressed to **F. HODGSON & SON, Woodsley Road, Leeds.**

The "Monarch" Record Reduction Sale

The "Queen's Royal" Household Carpets and Hearthrugs are extolled by all the Nations of the Earth.

Gigantic Sale of the "Queen's Royal" Household

Sale Price

2/- HEARTHRUGS (Regd.)

In REVERSIBLE RICH TURKEY PATTERNS, measuring 6 ft. long and 3 ft. wide. These HEARTHRUGS have gained a world-wide reputation for MAGNIFICENCE, CHEAPNESS and UTILITY, having no equal. Registered New Designs, and considered Works of Art. Thousands of Repeat Orders and Testimonials received, giving the highest satisfaction. **SPECIAL OFFER. Three for 5s. 9d., Six for 11s. 3d., Twelve for 22s.**

The "Queen's Royal" Household Carpets and Hearthrugs are patronised by Royalty, Nobility, and Clergy from all parts of the Empire.

Gigantic Sale of the "Queen's Royal" Household Reversible Rich Turkey Pattern

CARPETS (Regd.)

Trade Mark on all Goods. Beware of Imitations.

Admittedly the Cheapest in the World. *Woven without seam. Altogether superior quality, with handsome border to correspond. A marvel for excellence and beauty. Thousands of Repeat Orders and Testimonials received, giving the highest satisfaction. When ordering, please mention if for Bed, Dining, Drawing, or Sitting Room, and any particular colour preferred.*

6 ft. by 6 ft.	... 4/11	REDUCED SALE PRICE.	9 ft. by 13½ ft.	...	16/6
6 ft. by 7½ ft.	... 6/-		10½ ft. by 12 ft.	...	18/-
6 ft. by 9 ft.	... 7/6		12 ft. by 12 ft.	...	21/-
8 ft. by 9 ft.	... 9/-		9 ft. by 15 ft.	...	19/6
6 ft. by 12 ft.	... 16/6		12 ft. by 13½ ft.	...	22/-
9 ft. by 9 ft.	... 11/-		12 ft. by 15 ft.	...	25/6
9 ft. by 10½ ft.	... 13/6		12 ft. by 18 ft.	...	30/-
9 ft. by 12 ft.	... 15/-		12 ft. by 21 ft.	...	35/6

Ramsden, Charlbury, 4/3/98.

Lady HICKS BEACH writes: "Will Messrs. F. Hodgson and Son send her one of their 'Queen's Royal' Carpets, 9 ft. by 9 ft., 11s. Cheque inclosed. The other parcel received safely, and I am pleased with it."

H.R.H. Prince L. of Battenberg.
H.R.H. Prince K. Bigit, Siam.
Marquis of Breadalbane.
Sir Henry de Bathe.
Sir Henry Bellingham.
Sir E. H. Blair, Bart.
Archbishop of York.

To Readers of the "Royal Magazine," June, 1899, on receipt of Postal Order or Stamps, value

DIRECT FROM THE LOOM.

(Regd.) We will send you an ECLIPSE CARPET, THE LARGEST GENUINE REVERSIBLE CARPET in BRUSSELS PATTERN WITH RUG ever sold at the price, direct from the Looms to any address on receipt of amount. Suitable for drawing-room, dining-room, bedroom, &c., bordered and woven in Brussels patterns, as an advertisement for our goods, thus saving any middle profit. Remember these are woven, and are made of a material almost equal to wool. Thousands of these Carpets have been already sold at double these prices. *[Cut this out.]*

Special Offer—2 CARPETS and 2 RUGS for 8s.

ILLUSTRATED BARGAIN CATALOGUE OF CARPETS, HEARTHRUGS, TABLE LINEN, CURTAINS, &c., POST FREE, if mentioning "The Royal Magazine," June, 1899, when writing.

N.B.—Foreign Orders executed and packed free, & shipped at Lowest Rates. Illustrated Lists Post Free. Telegraphic Address: "*Eclipse Leeds.*" Cheques and P.O.'s payable to—

F. HODGSON & SON, Manufacturers, Importers, and Merchants. **WOODSLEY RD., LEEDS.**

Colossal Sale of Rich Velvet Pile Real Brussels

Sale Price

HEARTHRUGS 5/6

In rich Oriental and Indian Art Designs, measuring 6 ft. by 3 ft. which, for price, real value, weight, and richness of manufacture will be found unapproachable.

SPECIAL OFFER.—Three Rugs 16s., Six for 31s.

Melville Castle, Glasswade, Midlothian, June 1st.—The Right Honourable the VISCOUNTESS MELVILLE writes: "I am very pleased with the 'Royal' Velvet Hearthrugs to hand, and would like four more Hearthrugs. Her ladyship would also like two Velvet Carpets at 39s., one ditto at 60s. 6d., to match them. Cheque £8 14s. enclosed."

COLOSSAL SALE OF RICH VELVET PILE

REAL BRUSSELS CARPETS

Extraordinarily Heavy, very Best Quality, Newest and Choicest Designs. In Old Gold, Sultan, Terra Cotta, Crimson, Sky, Navy, and the latest colours. With handsome border to correspond. Guaranteed to wear for years and give every satisfaction. The sizes and prices as follows (all ready for putting down):—

REDUCED SALE PRICE LIST.

4½ ft. by 7 ft.,	11/-	VELVET PILE BRUSSELS CARPET SQUARES.	9 ft. by 12 ft.,		38/-
6 ft. by 9 ft.,	18 -		11 ft. by 12 ft.,		47/-
7½ ft. by 9 ft.,	23/-		12 ft. by 13½ ft.,		59/-
9 ft. by 9 ft.,	28/-		12 ft. by 16 ft.,		69/-
9 ft. by 10½ ft.,	33/-		12 ft. by 18 ft.,		77/-

Altogether superior quality, with handsome border to correspond A marvel of excellence and beauty. Thousands of repeat orders and testimonials received, giving the highest satisfaction. When ordering, please mention if for Bed, Dining, Drawing, or Sitting Room, and any particular colour preferred.

Also **RICH VELVET PILE STAIR CARPETS,** bordered to match, 18 in. wide, **1/6** per yard; 22½ in. wide, **2/-** per yard; 27 in. wide, **2/3** per yard.

H.I.H. Eugenie de Christoforo.
Princess Palæologoe Nicephoroe Comnenoe.
Princess de Croy.
Duchess of Wellington.
Marchioness of Breadalbane.
Marchioness of Hastings.

Prodigious Sale of the "Prudential"

TURKEY PATTERN CARPETS (Regd.)

Reversible, woven throughout, bordered, richly blended in several colours to suit any furniture. These goods cannot be distinguished from Real Brussels when laid down, and cannot be excelled in durability.

Size.		Each.	Size.		Each
6 ft. by 6 ft.	Reduced Sale Price.	2/11	9 ft. by 15 ft.	Reduced Sale Price.	12/6
6 ft. by 7½ ft.		3/11	10½ ft. by 12 ft.		11/6
6 ft. by 9 ft.		4/9	12 ft. by 12 ft.		12/9
7½ ft. by 9 ft.		5/11	12 ft. by 13½ ft.		14/6
9 ft. by 9 ft.		7/6	12 ft. by 15 ft.		15/9
9 ft. by 10½ ft.		8/6	12 ft. by 18 ft.		19/6
9 ft. by 12 ft.		9/6	12 ft. by 21 ft.		22/6

When ordering, please mention if for Bed, Dining, Drawing, or Sitting Room, and any particular colour preferred.

A Reversible "Prudential" Hearthrug (Regd.), to match above Carpets, sent for 1/6 extra, size 2 yds. long and 1 yd. wide. Special Offer—Three Hearthrugs for 4/3, or Six for 8/-, or Twelve for 15/6, sterling value.

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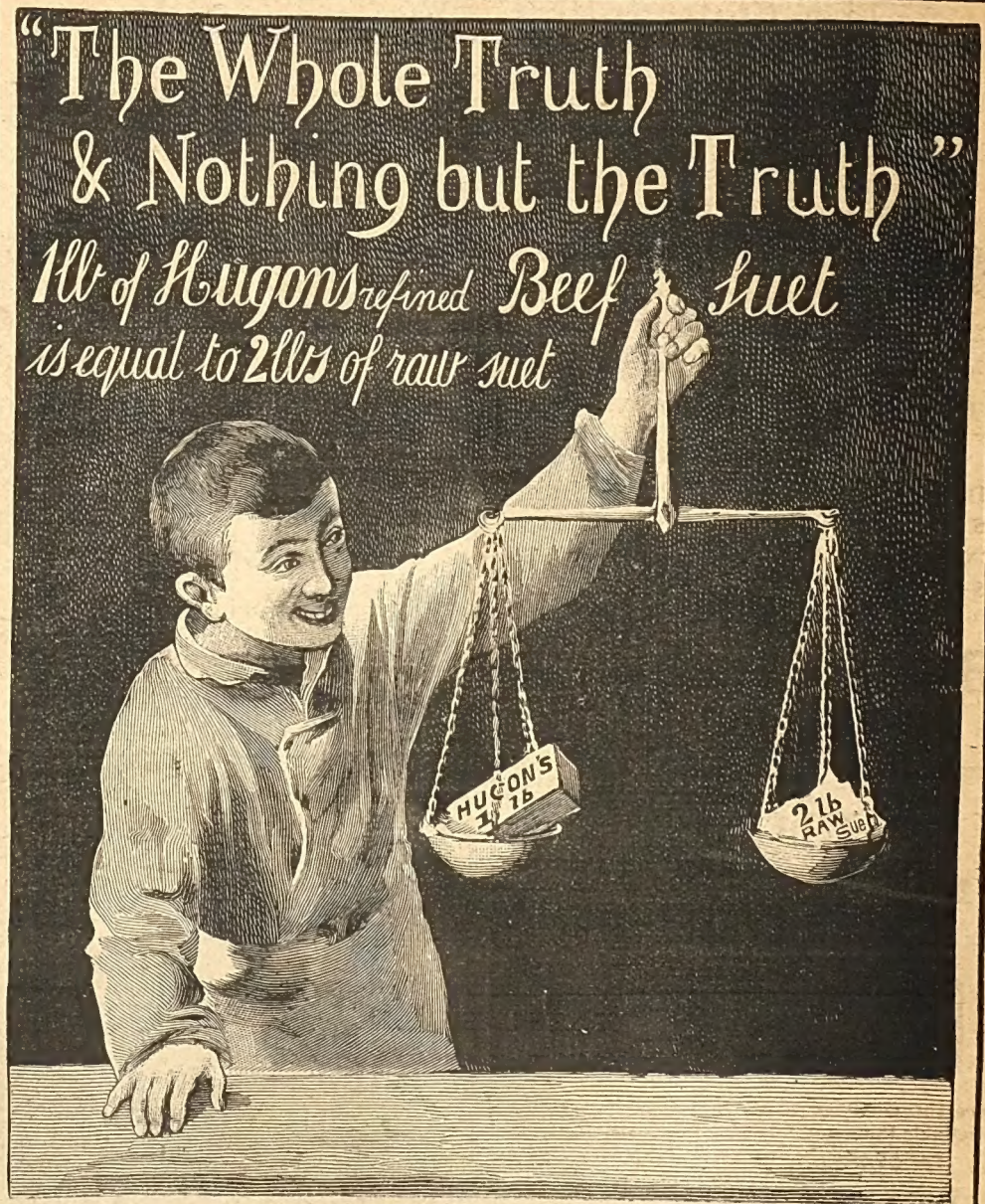

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HUGON'S REFINED BEEF SUET.

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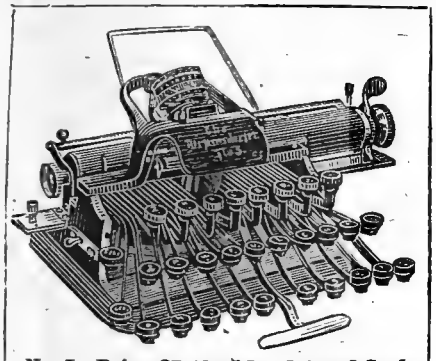

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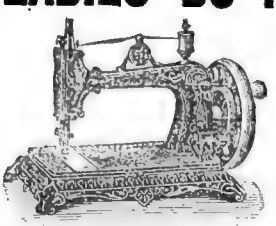

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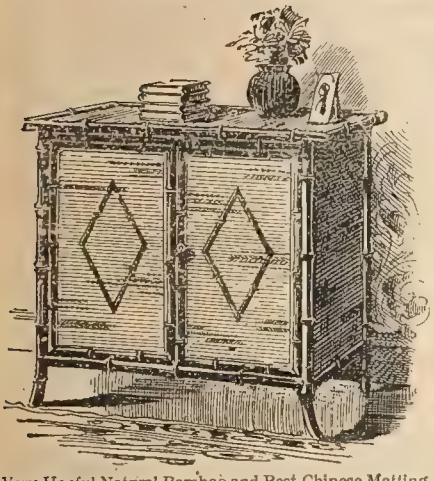

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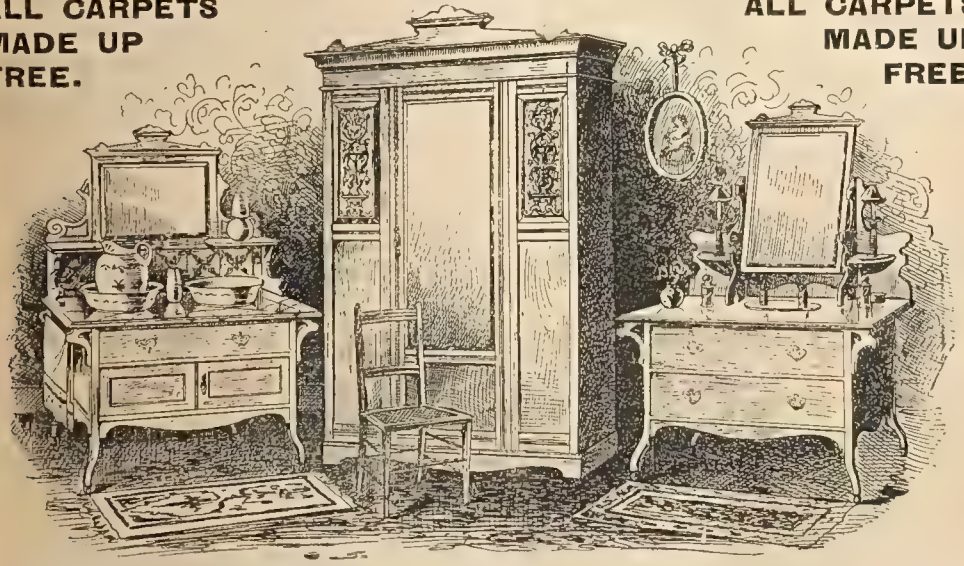

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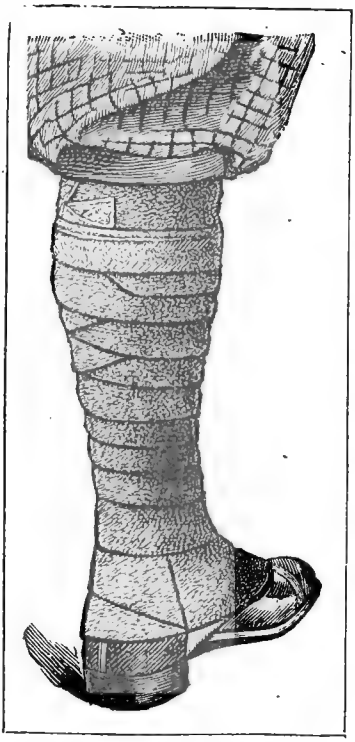

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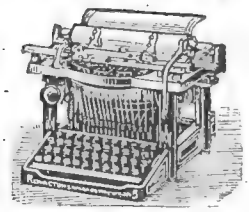

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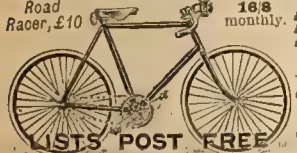

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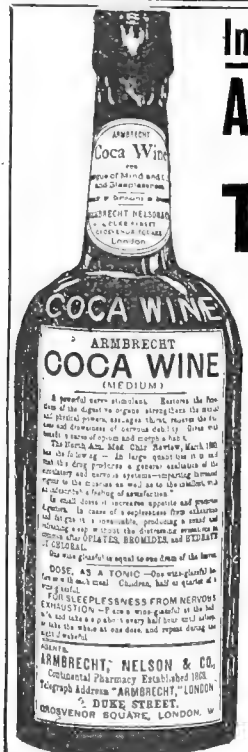

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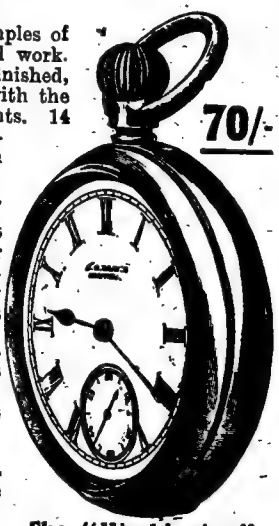

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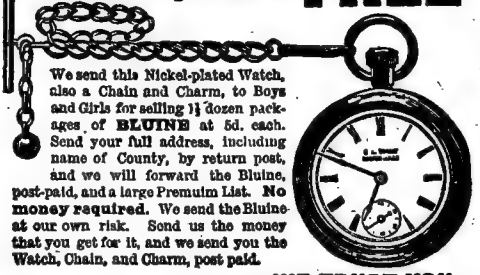

We send this Nickel-plated Watch, also a Chain and Charm, to Boys and Girls for selling 1½ dozen packages of **BLUINE** at 6d. each. Send your full address, including name of County, by return post, and we will forward the Bluine, post-paid, and a large Premuim List. **No money required.** We send the Bluine at our own risk. Send us the money that you get for it, and we send you the Watch, Chain, and Charm, post paid.

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SHILLING BOTTLES **SKIN LOTION**

GIVES A BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION.

Clears off Pimples, Blotches, Spots, Roughness, all Disfigurements, and Cures Irritation. Develops a Clear, Smooth, Healthy Skin.

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LUSTRE IS BRIGHTER & LASTS LONGER THAN ANY OTHER
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A cooling and refreshing beverage for all seasons—made from Cultivated Limes. *The LANCET* says: "We counsel the public to drink Lime-Fruit Juice wherever and whenever they list." Montserrat Lime-Fruit Juice is a most delicious, refreshing drink—and a veritable Draught of Health Montserrat Lime-Fruit Juice and Cordials are sold by Druggists, Grocers, Wine Merchants, &c., everywhere.

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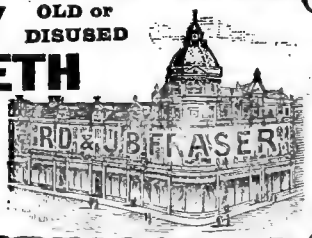
TO THOSE WHO HAVE OLD FALSE TEETH

WE BUY OLD or DISUSED FALSE TEETH



UTMOST VALUE SENT BY RETURN,
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PRINCES STREET, IPSWICH, ENGLAND.
Bankers' References: Messrs. Bacon & Co., Ipswich.

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SEE TESTIMONIALS BELOW!!

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Enclose Length Walking Shoe. Quality (colour Brown)—	Children's.	Ladies'.	Gent's.
A. Plain Shoes (without strapping)	1/6	1/9	2/-
B. Superior Canvas (as per illustration) ..	—	2/6	2/9
E. Velvet Uppers (Black)	—	3/-	3/3.
Felt Slippers, best quality (Black)	1/-	1/3	1/6
Canvas Leather Soled Shoes (superior	3/6	4/-	4/6
Rubber Shoes (Brown)	—	3/-	3/6

2d. per pair off 3 pairs at one order. *Post free in Great Britain, abroad extra. Single pairs or any quantity supplied.*

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Illustrated Catalogue of Novelties, post free, 1d.

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SPRINGFIELD HOME POTTED MEATS AND SARDINE PASTE

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HORROCKS & WATSON,
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J.B SIDE-SPRING Corset

HEALTH! COMFORT! ELEGANCE! *Beautiful in Construction, Unrivalled in Style.*

These Corsets are constructed in accordance with physiological principles, give no undue pressure, but yield to the movements of the body, and the side supports are *unbreakable.* They are modelled in different shapes to suit various types of figures, and yield a most graceful and rounded appearance. Proclaimed by ladies everywhere to be the most perfect Corset obtainable.

Prices 3/11, 5/6, 6/11 and 10/6.

Obtainable from the principal Drapers & Ladies' Outfitters, but if any difficulty in procuring, write for name of nearest agent.

Insist on having the J B. Side-Spring Corset—The Best.

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No. 1, in Scotch Tweed, extra good, 3/11½ a pair. By Post, 3d. extra. Shop prices, 6/6.

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Washing Slip Linings of cosy cream Swansdown Calico, 1/- a pair extra.

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THIRD CLASS (12 Prizes) £23 Cycle for £10
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SIXTH CLASS (20 Prizes) £23 Cycle for £13
CONSOLATION (25 Prizes) £23 Cycle for £14

TAKE PARTICULAR NOTICE. COMPETITION IS NOW OPEN, and **CLOSES SATURDAY, JUNE 17, 1899.** Results will be declared as soon as possible, although it may be a fortnight afterwards before all replies are posted.

Winners of Prizes must clear them within a week or ten days, otherwise Machines unclaimed will be passed on to the next in rotation. Enclose two loose stamps for postage of Catalogue and Result of Competition. As so very few persons are able to call and inspect the machines, **WE GUARANTEE TO REFUND THE FULL AMOUNT** paid for a Second, Third, Fourth, Fifth, Sixth, or for one of our Consolation Prizes, **IF THE OWNER IS NOT PERFECTLY SATISFIED** with it on arrival. We cannot give any money or other Prizes in lieu of cycles, and consequently cannot enter into any discussion relating thereto. One solution only allowed to each competitor. Disregard of this regulation renders any prize liable to forfeiture. If there are a large number of Competitors Prizes may be increased.

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Mark Letters "Royal" on top corner of Envelope, and address to the Managing Director,

A.B. CYCLE Co., LTD., 59 & 60, CHANCERY LANE, HOLBORN, W.C.

OH! I MUSTN'T FORGET TO PACK SOME OF

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INDISPENSABLE FOR TRAVELLING.

Home Use. Save Washing.
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THE ADAPTED BOOT — BROAD AND NARROW FITTED

TRADE MARK

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Any sized Bed only 9d. per lb., *Carriage Paid* to any station in the United Kingdom. FEATHERS ONLY **9d.** PER LB. The trade supplied. All orders must be accompanied by cheque or P.O.O. (which, as security to purchasers, may be post-dated ten days). Send for samples of Feathers and Ticks, Price Lists, &c., which will be sent *Post Free*, and need not be returned. A great reduction on three or more Beds.

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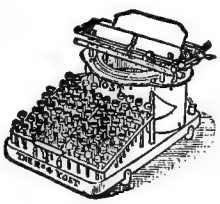

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ESTABLISHED 1877.

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Complete Outfit, 21/-

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Comprising 1 Suit, 1 Cap, 1 pair Stockings, 1 Sweater, 1 Belt, 1 pair Shoes, and 1 Tie. **Cycling Capes,** 33 in. long **3/11.** Our New Season's Stock contains all the latest and most up-to-date materials. Do not allow our marvellously low price to mislead you into thinking it impossible to obtain sound material and good workmanship from us. *We guarantee both in every instance,* and no customer is allowed to retain a garment that is not absolutely satisfactory.

Better Qualities, 28/6 & 35/-, include Patent Sweater, Patent Shoes, and the Norfolk Suit.

FREE.—Send for our Illustrated Catalogue of Clothing, &c., 62 pages. It will save you pounds. Post Free with any range of patterns desired.

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SEVEN PRIZE MEDALS.

These Series of Pens Write as Smoothly as a Lead Pencil. Neither Scratch nor Spurt, the points being rounded by a special process. Assorted Sample Box for 7 stamps from the Works, BIRMINGHAM.

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ROBINSON & CLEAVER

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Bordered—	
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INVALIDS and the AGED.

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"Sirs,—Please forward to Balmoral Castle one dozen 2/6 Tins of Benger's Food for H.I.M. the Empress of Russia, addressed to Miss Coster. We have received the box ordered from Peterhoff."

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NO EGGS!
NO RISK!
NO TROUBLE!

Makes a perfect high-class Custard at a minimum of cost and trouble. Used by all the leading Diplomees of the South Kensington School of Cookery. Invaluable also for a variety of Sweet Dishes, recipes for which accompany each packet.

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THE ROYAL MAGAZINE.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

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The Editor will always be ready to consider contributions, whether literary or pictorial, and, where stamps are enclosed will make every endeavour to ensure their safe return in the event of their proving unsuitable, although he cannot hold himself responsible for any MSS. or drawings or photographs sent on approval.

Cases for the first half-yearly Volume of THE ROYAL MAGAZINE are now ready, and can be obtained at the Publishing Office, price 1/-, or post free, 1/2.

Bound Volumes of the first six months are also ready, price 3/6; post free, 4/-.

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From £1 1s. to £7 7s. **KODAKS** From £1 1s. to £7 7s.

Kodak Photography may be mastered by anyone in a few minutes.

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THE ONLY REAL SHAVING SOAPS.

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METAL LINED CASE.
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ROUND IN FORM.
ENOUGH FOR A YEAR.

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THE ACME OF LUXURY.
Round—"Just fits the cup.
Delicate Perfume.

Sold by Chemists, Hairdressers, and Perfumers, all over the world, or mailed to any address on receipt of price in stamps, by
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THE THREE MEN CANTERED STEADILY ALONG THE OPEN COUNTRY.

(See page 108).

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THE ART OF THE CAMERA

Photo by E. H. Rydall.

Baby Ostriches.

By Roderick Grey.

If Photography were Banned.

Most of us remember that well-known passage in Gibbon in which he declares that had the battle of Tours resulted otherwise than it did "perhaps the interpretation of the Koran would now be taught in the schools of Oxford, and her pulpits might demonstrate to a circumcised people the sanctity and truth of the Revelation of Mahomet." But has it ever occurred to photographers, amateur or professional, that had Abderame and his Arabs been successful in that decisive battle, the popular art and craft would most probably have been non-existent.

The Mussulman has a conscientious objection to portraiture in any form whatever, whether it be by the hand of the painter or by means of the camera.

The reason, of course, for this curious attitude may be found in the bitter antagonism which Islam has to idolatry. The icons and sacred pictures in the churches of Christendom have always aroused the indignation of Mahomedans on account of the reverence paid to them by the worshippers; and the objection to sacred pictures has extended to portraits of all kinds.

The camera has ever been looked upon with suspicion, and even with horror, by followers of the Prophet, and no truly devout Moslem would any more think of sitting for his photograph than he would of blaspheming the Prophet's name.

Photo by R. W. Thomas.

"Lord's."

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Undoubtedly there have been occasional lapses even on the part of Moslems of high position. One of the few notable exceptions that I can recall is the Sultan of Turkey, who has on one or two occasions allowed himself to be "taken." But this falling from grace is strongly condemned by many thousands of His Majesty's subjects.

Of course, to say that no Moslem ever allows himself to sit before a camera would be scarcely accurate, as there are here and there followers of Islam who hold the precepts of their faith very lightly, and do not hesitate for personal gain to ignore or explain away even distinct commands in the Koran. Such Moslems, however, are few and far between, and it is practically true that the camera is non-existent in the Mahomedan world.

Had the Arabs of Spain come off victorious in the battle of Tours, and continued their conquering march, Europe to-day would probably have been Mahomedan, and it is more than likely that photography as it exists would have been unknown. Not only would no encouragement have been given for its development, but it would have been condemned by the imams, mullahs, and other heads and exponents of the Faith sitting in places of honour in the capitals of Moslem Europe.

Photo by F. Ollo.

The Fisher Maid.

The Camera as a Wizard.

But the Moslems are not the only people who object to photography for superstitious or religious reasons. In the Islands of Linkkin, lying about mid-way between Japan and Formosa, the camera cannot be used. The natives, an intelligent and benevolent race, most strongly object to photography on the ground that the camera casts an evil spell over those who sit before it, which cannot be counteracted or neutralised by any known remedies. It is said that not more than two or three photographs have ever been taken in these islands, and I can quite believe it.

Travellers in the Dark Continent and in Tibet and China have also found the greatest difficulty in persuading the people to overcome their horror of the camera. These people have not the slightest doubt but that the weird-looking box standing upon three legs, is an instrument quite as powerful as those which fell upon this earth and wrought such havoc in Mr. H. G. Wells' "The War of the Worlds."

The little kodak is also equally feared and the natives do not seem to be able to overcome their terror. When for a consideration they can be induced to sit for a photograph, they tremble and shiver all over until the operator feels that it will be a charity on his part to release the poor wretches from their position,

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Photo by Lafayette

MISS OLGA NETHERSOLE.

Google

Photography in the Composing-room.

Most people have at least a rudimentary idea of how a paper is printed. They may have the haziest notion of what a modern printing machine can do. A press into which is fed an unbroken strip, perhaps a mile long, of white paper, and from out of which drops a newspaper ready printed, cut, and folded, is a thing that must be seen to be quite believed. It may be a press with two rolls unwinding into it, with the result that a paper—one of the weekly papers, such as *Home Notes* or *Pastimes*—drops out ready printed, cut, bound in a cover printed in colours, and stitched with wire.

Photo by W. D. Welford.

A Quiet Game.

All this is not understood and not realised by the many who buy and read the modern papers. But at least they have a dim sort of idea that the beginning of everything has something to do with type. They have heard of compositors, but are doubtful of their exact business in a printing establishment.

Well, the compositor *is* the beginning of the whole process—at least, he usually is. His part it is to pick up the little leaden letters, collectively known as type, and build up words and sentences and articles, from which the paper is subsequently printed.

I said just now that the compositor is usually at the beginning of all things printed.

Photo by Lafayette.

The Camp Song.

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Photo by W. and D. Downey.

A TYPE OF ENGLISH BEAUTY.

Google

Photo by Underwood and Underwood.

The Pets.

He it is who reads writing that the ordinary man would puzzle over in vain. The little a compositor cannot read is in the fullest sense of the word illegible.

Occasionally the compositor misreads, and when he does it as often as not appears as if he had selected a peculiarly plainly written word. Still he is a patient and long-suffering mortal, whose existence, however, is being vigorously assailed by the introduction of type-setting machines.

These are marvellous examples of the ingenuity of man. Really the linotype is quite human in its movements. A man plays on a keyboard, like that of a typewriter, and the machine does the rest—does it as if it were armed with hands and a brain.

It has been a sad blow to "comps," the advent of the type-setting machine. I suppose the latter will gradually become more and more used for daily papers and such like. In illustrated papers the "comp" has, however, congratulated himself that he is, to all intents and purposes, indispensible. That's never an overwise conclusion to come to about yourself. It so very often happens that you are not indispensible.

In Brussels, the other day, some "comps" realised the truth of this. They made another unpleasant discovery at the same time, and that was that type-setting machines were not the only enemies to their existence which they had.

The "comps" of a paper went on strike, and I have no doubt timed the strike for the most inconvenient hour they could select. The paper *had* to come out—sixteen pages of it—and there was no one to do it. Those "comps" smiled.

Then, behold, a brilliant idea, and photography came to the rescue of the proprietors and the rout of the strikers! The necessary letterpress to accompany the illustrations was type-written off on a typewriter.

The type-written pages were then reproduced photo-mechanically, after the manner in which the pictures are reproduced in this magazine, and from this solid and reliable forme the paper was printed. It was a triumph for photography in rather an unexpected quarter.

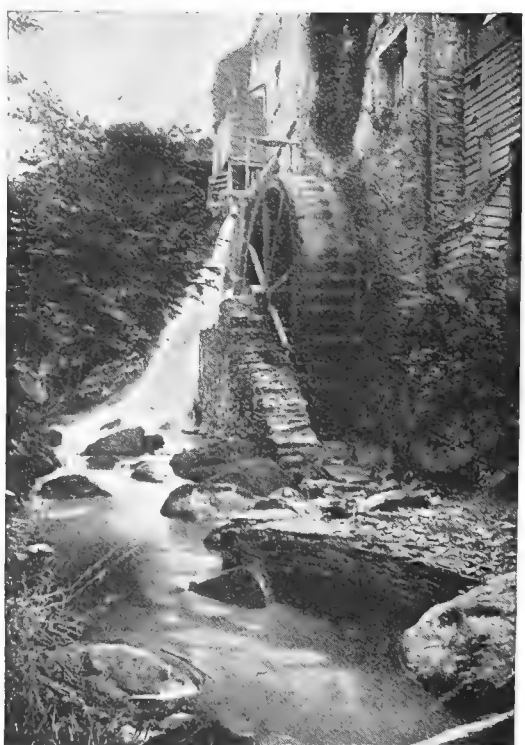

Photo by Photochrom Co.

The Mill Wheel.

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Photo by Lafayette.

THE COUNTESS OF WARWICK.

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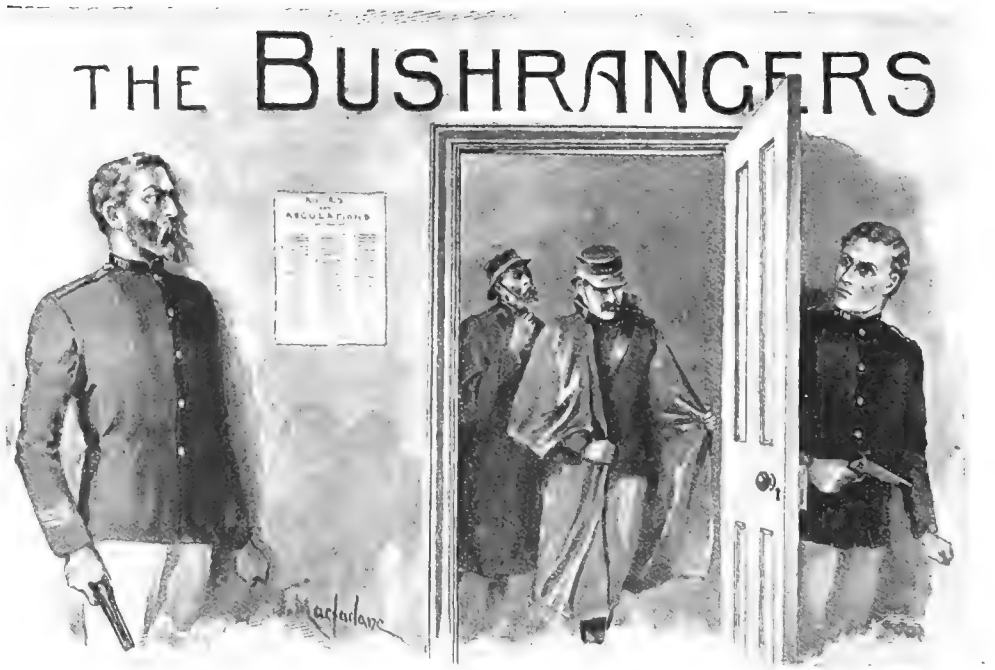
THE BUSHRANGERS



By Harry B. Vogel.

Author of "A Maori Maid," etc.

No. II.—TRAPPED!

The deliberate murder by Wingy Nolans of the two constables who were driving and escorting Garnet and O'Dare to Hobart caused a decided sensation in official circles at Port Arthur. There was, however, a compensating satisfaction in the knowledge that sooner or later—and probably sooner—all three men would be caught and hanged.

Gradually, however, it dawned on the official mind that neither Garnet nor his two companions had been captured or been killed or been found starved to death. On the contrary, they were very much alive, and already the name of Captain Jack was forming a frequent topic of conversation in the bush hotels.

Wherever the money came from the man paid punctually all he owed, and moreover paid well. Bush folks of the lower class soon appreciate that in an outlaw, hence the the three desperate men were not as devoid of friends as might have been supposed.

The hiding place they had fixed on proved an excellent one. Away and away westward of the main road, amidst a jumbled heap of hills, there extended a large lake known as Echo Lake. To the west of it ran the Nive river on its road to join the Greater Derwent. Into its upper waters ran the Little Pine river. To the east of this and to the north of the lake spread a stretch of swamp, Surveyor's Marsh it was known as, which had as bad a name as any remote and treacherous swamp might wish to boast. Towards the northern edge arose a queer broken hill, holding in its heart a curious and almost circular little flat.

There the bushrangers had established themselves, and to all intents and purposes the position was impregnable. On three sides there were tracks by which they could enter, tracks with slushy, watery surfaces and good bottoms, on either side of which lay the treacherous, greedy swampland. It was handy enough too, for thirty miles or so across country brought them out on to the coach road, above Ross and not far below Campbelltown.

The necessity for an adequate reserve of money to draw upon was, of course, a primary consideration, and it soon became obvious that the wisest and the safest course in the long run was the achievement of some

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enterprise whereby a large sum might be obtained in one venture.

"The plain English of it," said Garnet, "is that we've got to stick up one of the banks."

"You've got it, Cap'n," muttered Nolans. It's a matter of a bank, and I'm for the bank at Tonbridge. That's my lay!"

"It's a bit far," remarked O'Dare, "and the country between here and there is very rough."

"Maybe, but I know a fairish track by keeping well to the westward around by Henderson's back boundary and the Devil's Gap under Old Man's Head. It's a bit of distance round, but there ain't much chaunce o' meetin' no one, and we could do it inside o' six hours."

"What's your opinion, Jack?" asked O'Dare. "The branch at Tonbridge does good business, and there ought to be a tolerable amount of gold in the strong box."

"Possibly," said Garnet slowly, "but we're not going to worry ourselves about Tonbridge."

Garnet paused, and the other two sat waiting.

O'Dare and Nolans, in their implicit trust in Garnet, were united by a common admiration for his cool daring and his splendid generalship. They both, in fact, felt and believed that Garnet was sensible of his responsibility to them as their leader, and would never thrust them into a danger that he considered inadequate to whatever object it was they had in view. Therefore Garnet's condemnation of the Tonbridge project at once ended it, and his two companions waited in silence for the scheme he had probably already decided upon.

"It's not worth the trouble," Garnet said after a moment "It's a paltry little branch. My idea is the Campbelltown branch."

O'Dare and Nolans uttered, simultaneously, exclamations of surprise.

"Why not?" asked Garnet quietly.

"Do you mean to say, Jack, that ——?"

"It's right!" ejaculated Nolans, slapping his thigh. "Cap'n is right. I don't see yet, not jist yet, 'ow it's to be manœuvred, but 'e's right. You bet your last 'appenny 'e's right."

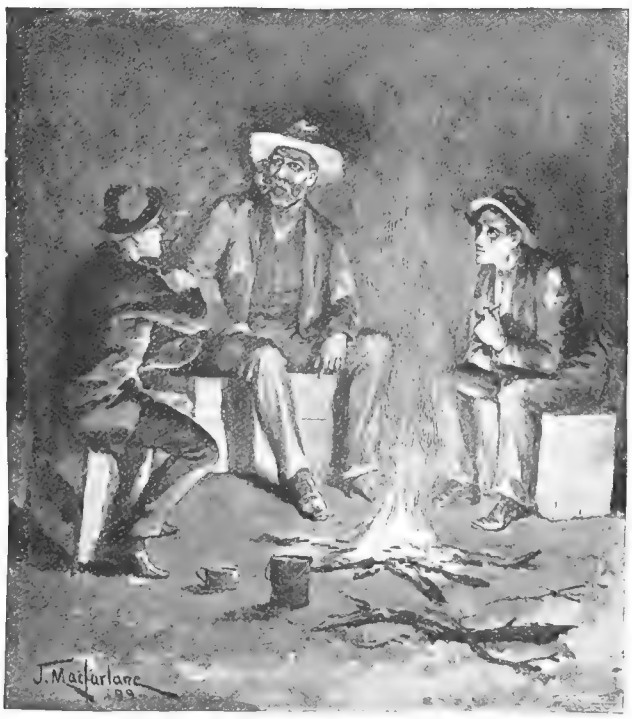
"Yes, but—well, if you've worked it out, we'll see it through," said O'Dare, "but——"

"There ain't no but, mate. It's Campbelltown or glory hallelujah, and I reckon it's a shade o' odds on Campbelltown—leastways, when onst we've figured it out. Tonbridge! Wingy, you're a hass, me boy, a conceited, stuffed up, blitherin' hass, wots been a week thrashin' it out, and then only—Ugh! go ahead, Cap'n, and put me in me proper place for presoomin' to make plans on me own."

"Nonsense, Wingy! Tonbridge's right enough, only—we want something bigger. We want a larger bank account than Tonbridge could give us, and—well Campbelltown seems to me the only one likely to suit. As to figuring it out, I'm inclined to think it'll be easier than it seems, just because no one would ever dream of our ever having a shot at it."

The three men sitting round the fire proceeded eagerly to discuss the details of the desperate venture.

Most of their undertakings were thrashed out of an evening in the glow of the wood



The three men sitting round the fire proceeded to discuss the details of the desperate venture.

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fire, with the black shadows dancing about the mouth of the cave and flitting through the bit of scrub that ran up the spur to the left.

It was late when they rolled themselves in their blankets, and it was early when once more they were up and about. Throughout the day they were busy rounding in the horses and fashioning and strengthening heavy saddle-bags to be carried in the front of their saddles.

Gold is heavy and bulky, and they knew well enough that, once they were possessed of the bullion, it meant a hard ride and a long ride before they could count themselves in any degree safe.

At daylight of the third morning they started, driving three spare horses in front of them.

They followed the eastern track across the swamp until, striking a patch of open, they came to where the bush grew heavier, with its towering pines and thick underscrub. Turning sharp off towards the north-east, they pushed up a narrow bush trail.

For some three miles they kept close to it, winding in and out through the thick tangled undergrowth until suddenly they came out on to a stretch of open country.

Travelling by easy stages, they reached, by the afternoon, a patch of heavy bush. They skirted it for a mile or so, and then turned in at a track at the end of which lay a small grass covered clearing. Around this clearing but within the ring of bush, ran a wattle fence sufficiently strong to make the flat available for keeping a small mob of horses. The three men quickly unsaddled, and then, having turned out their animals, lit a fire and made ready for a night's camp. From a hollow log O'Dare fetched a billy and some tea and flour, which, with the meat they had brought with them, soon afforded them an ample repast.

At daylight the following morning, a fresh start was made, but now without the incumbrance of the spare horses, which were left securely shut in the clearing.

Keeping well away from the main road, the three men cantered steadily along the open country. It was a Sunday, and as the morning wore on the weather developed into a wet drizzle. However, shortly after noon, having forded the Macquarie, the bushrangers reached the edge of the township.

They had timed their approach with well considered nicety. Sunday in a bush township is a slack day in one sense, but busy to the extent of there being an influx of visitors from the country round. In twos, and even threes, shepherds and drovers would ride in to spend their afternoon in the hotel bars, smoking and drinking and as often as not, card playing. During the hour of the midday meal, the streets were more than likely to be deserted, and in this respect the rain was fortunate.

Campbelltown was a place of comparative importance. The main road passing through it was, of course, the chief, though not the only street. It could boast of a bank, that was one of the busiest branches next after Hobart and Launceston, and had three hotels and several fine stores. It also possessed quite an elaborate courthouse, where the magistrate held frequent sitting. Adjoining the building was the police station, a well-built wooden structure, with a yard and stables at the side. Behind was a heavy log hut, subdivided into two cells, frequently occupied by inebriates, many of them in a condition bordering on delirium tremens.

The police contingent consisted of a sergeant and five men, one of whom was in bed, as the result of a fray with a much intoxicated drover. This meant that there were five men to be dealt with, three of whom were likely to be in the station house at dinner.

The police station, as Garnet knew when he arranged to enter from the southern side of the township, was practically the first building they came to.

As they approached Garnet and O'Dare slipped off their horses, leaving Nolans in charge of them. Walking quickly forward, Garnet reached the front entrance, whilst O'Dare opened the yard gate and entered with Nolans, now on foot, at his heels. Letting go of the horses, Nolans shut the gate, while O' Dare rapped at the door.

"Hallo, there?" they heard someone call out, and there came a heavy step across the floor.

As the side door was opened Garnet quickly turned the handle of the front entrance, and, going in, shut it behind him.

When the constable, in his shirt-sleeves, and evidently interrupted in the midst of his meal, threw open the door, he saw two mud-splashed horsemen whose horses were straying across the yard.

"What's the ——" he commenced, and then stopped abruptly.

"Hands up!" said O'Dare harshly, and the trooper found himself looking fairly and squarely down the steadiest held pistol he had ever chanced on.

For a second he stood dazed, and then,

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as his hand made a quick movement to his side, there came a second and harsher command.

"Hands up, or I'll shoot.'

Slowly the man lifted his hands. At the same instant a comrade stepped to his side by the open door.

"Who is it? What ——"

"'Ands up!" came Nolans' sharp reply. "Quickly, ye varmit, 'ands up!"

There was no help for it, and side by side the two men stood, their hands on a level with their ears.

Meanwhile Garnet, having effected his entrance, found himself in a sort of office with a stoutly built rail in one corner forming a species of dock, and a high desk and a form at the side. Crossing the apartment he flung open a door and walked into the kitchen or sitting-room of the building.

As he entered, the second constable was just stepping to the side of the first, whilst the sergeant, a big black-bearded man, was in act of rising from the table. As he heard Garnet he glanced round.

"Move a hand and I'll shoot," said the bushranger quickly.

The man leapt to his feet, the chair falling back with a crash.

"Hands up, or I'll blow your brains out!" exclaimed Garnet, and the pistol almost touched the policeman.

"Up, up, quickly, by Heavens, up," he continued, It's no good, sergeant," he added, as the man lifted his hands. "We've been too smart for you this time."

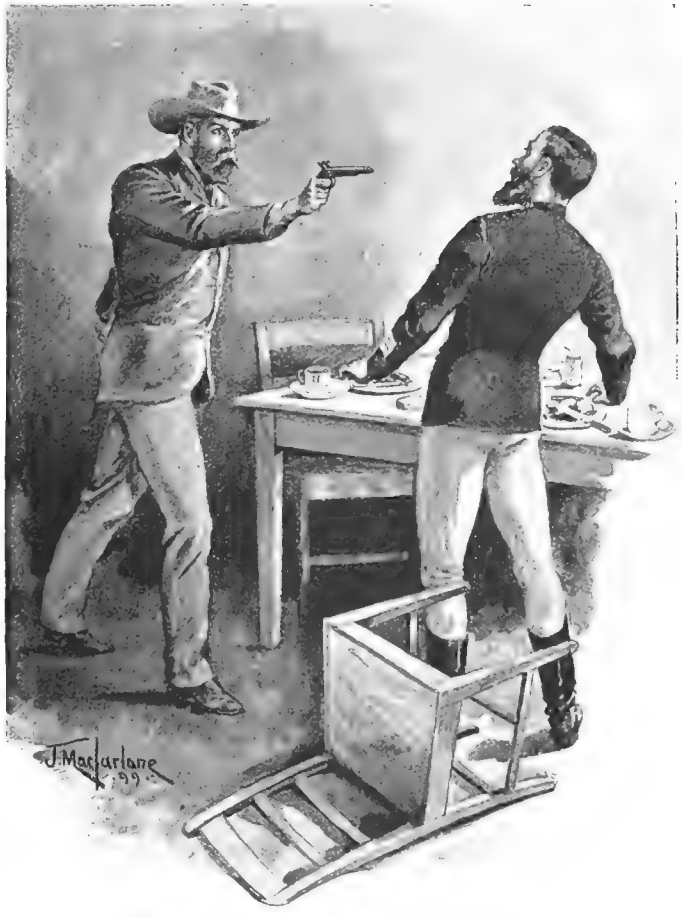
"Captain Jack!" exclaimed the sergeant.

"The same at your service," answered Garnet with a bend of his head. "Now then, back those two men into the room," he called out.

Helpless to resist, the two constables, under cover of O'Dare's and Nolans' pistols, were ordered to step back a pace or two into the kitchen and forced to range themselves, a few feet apart, with their faces to the wall and their hands above their shoulders. In this way O'Dare was able to cover them both, leaving Nolans free to secure the men with handcuffs lying ready available in a cupboard that comprised the police armoury.

It took but a few minutes to complete the task of manacling the three policemen and strapping their legs, each man being first carefully searched for any knife or weapon and for his keys. Then, with the most profuse apologies from Garnet, they were carried like trussed fowls through to the back and locked securely in the cells.

"Now then," said Garnet, as they returned into the kitchen, "off with our togs and into Her Majesty's uniform. You understand? We're a draft sent up here to take charge whilst Sergeant Slade and his men are off, 'on



"Hands up, or I'll blow your brains out!"

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"I want the cove in charge 'ere."

information received,' to capture Garnet and his gang away up beyond Cleveland."

The sergeant's clothes fitted Garnet admirably, whilst O'Dare also was soon equipped. Nolans, being a smaller man than the average constable, experienced somewhat more difficulty, but eventually he would have passed muster with any ordinary citizen as a sturdy representative of law and order.

"Now we'll save this excellent repast from being utterly spoilt," said Garnet, and for the next ten minutes or quarter of an hour nothing was heard but the clatter of knives and forks.

Their plan had so far worked out admirably. For the rest they had only to wait until the afternoon of the followng day when they proposed quietly to walk into the bank a few miuutes before closing time and take possession. One impending risk, however, still remained to be surmounted. Two of the constables belonging to the station had yet to be secured. Some time during the afternoon they would return either singly or together and their quiet capture was imperative.

As it turned out this was effected without the least trouble. After all, the men had little or no chance. They arrived by the main door opening on to the road and stayed for a few minutes to clear some of the mud off their boots. Then they crossed the small office, the while pulling off their wet overcoats, and entered the kitchen.

Garnet was standing back at one side of the door and O'Dare at the other, whilst Nolans, by way of a decoy, sat on a chair near the fireplace with his back to the door and his feet on the mantelpiece. On his lap he rested the double-barrel pistol he was gripping.

"Hullo! Any dinner left?" exclaimed the first constable, as he passed in.

The empty condition of the room apparently struck the man. He paused and glanced quickly round and for the first time perceived Garnet and O'Dare. It was too late!

"Up with your hands, both of you," said Garnet, in a quiet hard tone—"up, up, that's better," he added, as the two men, realising their helplessness, raised their hands.

Nolans jumped quickly from his chair, and rapidly made the two unfortunates secure with handcuffs and some rope.

A few minutes later they were thrust ignominiously into the cell with their comrades. Five of them were now safe prisoners in the bigger of the two cells, the second one being left empty in case the bushrangers had to act up to the character of their disguise by effecting an arrest.

"Thank goodness that's over!" said Garnet. "Now I'm going to leave you in charge, Constable Nolans—I mean Simpson—whilst I take a look round to see that proper law and order is being maintained in the township. You're coming with me, O'Dare, or rather, Constable Ross. By the way, I find from the official records here that I'm Sergeant Sullivan transferred from Hobart Town. You understand?"

Garnet and O'Dare, donning the regulation waterproofs, left the police-station and walked down the main street. The steady downpour kept most of the inhabitants prisoners, and the two bushrangers were enabled to take

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complete stock of the bank premises and its surroundings.

"There won't be the least difficulty," said Garnet. "Everything is as simple as clearing a post and rail fence."

In the course of their stroll, the two bushrangers chanced upon one or two individuals and with a "Good-day" to some and a word or two to others, they quickly set it abroad that Sergeant Slade and his men had been sent out towards the great Western Ranges after Garnet's party, whilst they themselves, not knowing the outlying country over well, had been ordered up from down south to look after the township until Slade's return.

Nolans was by no means sorry to have his mates back with him, and as it chanced it was fortunate for them that they returned when they did. Just when they had made themselves comfortable, when the horses had been fed and seen to, when everything ahead appeared fair and free, they were roused by a hurried patter at the front door.

Garnet, gripping his pistol, strode through the office. He opened the door and found before him a lean, raw-boned youth, hatless and splashed with mud from head to foot. Obviously from the condition of his horse he had been riding hard.

"I want the cove in charge 'ere," he said abruptly.

"That's me. What's the matter?" said Garnet quickly.

"Well, they've stuck up Russell's place, just this side of the Macquarie, and there'll be murder or worse if you ain't quick.

Garnet drew a deep breath. Here was a new complication, an entirely unexpected danger that might involve not only their plans but themselves in destruction! A station was being stuck up and as the officer in charge of the police, he was bound to render assistance.

"Who are you?" he asked rather to gain time for thought.

"Jackson's my name. I'm a 'and on the 'omestead. I managed to get away."

"Hitch up your horse and come inside," said Garnet, and the boy did as he was bade.

"Who's stuck the place up, and when?"

"Bill Garvy, I reckon it is. 'E's got two others with 'im. They rode up this mornin' locked the overseer and three of the 'ands in the 'arness room. I managed to 'ide in some straw in the stable. They've got the boss tied in a chair and were eatin' dinner with the missus and the young lady to wait on 'em when I left. There'll be murder like enough or—or worse, d'ye understand? I managed to sneak away and caught a 'orse down at the yard. Give us a fresh one mister, and my word, I'll get ye back well inside of an 'our. It's no more'en twelve miles."

"Umph! We're short of men. I've only just taken up duty here; but it's urgent, apparently. Simpson, Constable Simpson," he called out, and Nolans, jogged to a memory of his name by O'Dare, hurried into the office.

"Take this lad's horse round to the stables and shift its saddle and bridle on to a fresh one. Saddle up my horse, the spare one, and Constable Ross's, and be smart about it!"

"Yes, sir," said Nolans, and he passed through to the front door to carry out Garnet's instructions.

"Cricky!" he muttered, "there's sum'ut up now, I reckon. It ain't goin' to be plain sailin' arter all! I misdoubted, 'cause it's all gone too smooth."

"Wait here a bit," continued Garnet to the youth, "and I'll see and get you something to eat. You're hungry I expect."

"My word, yes!" answered the young fellow. "I'd like to get something inside o' me afore we start back."

Garnet left the office and passed into the kitchen.

Here you, constable Ross, get a bit of something to eat for the young chap in the next room, and then get ready to ride away over to Russell's homestead with me," he said in a loud voice. "There's no help for it," he added in a rapid whisper. "We've got to play the game now to a finish. It's desperate, but it's our only chance, old chap. Some prowling brutes have stuck up the station, and not satisfied with the loot, are in a killing humour or—or worse. We've trapped the police, and now their duty has trapped us, unless we shut the youth up. That's not possible. There—there are women-folk in this and they're in danger. Tell Wingy when he comes back, or go over to him. I'll give him further instructions before I leave. Now then, now then," he continued once more in a loud voice, "look sharp, look sharp!"

In a few moments O'Dare had placed some cold meat and bread on the table and poured out a nip of spirit from a jar in the cupboard.

"Here you are, my lad," called Garnet, "come in here."

The youth entered and needed no urging to set to work and bolt a wonderfully substantial repast.

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Meanwhile Garnet and O'Dare had equipped themselves in full uniform, with police pistols in their holsters and their own more highly finished weapons in their pockets.

O'Dare was then sent by Garnet to assist Nolans, and presently the horses were led across the yard ready saddled and bridled. The sound of their hoofs seemed to awaken the imprisoned police, for they commenced a series of vigorous shouts and calls. When first shut in they had done this until at length, exhausted, they had ceased. It was a vain effort on their part. The shouts and screams of drunken wretches, dimly echoing from the isolated and closely-built hut, were far too frequent a sound to attract attention, and no one was in the least likely to recognise the men's voices.

Moreover, the report that all of them had left, almost at a minute's notice, on duty tended to disarm suspicion even in the men's families, all of whom were accustomed by frequent experience to such hurried departures.

"They are a bit noisy in there, eh?" coolly remarked Garnet to the youth, as he stepped to his horse.

"My word! Drunks, I expect."

"Exactly. Just half a minute, whilst I give Constable Simpson his instructions. Here, Simpson," he added, and Nolans followed him into the kitchen.

"Jimimy, 'ere's a game!"

"O'Dare has told you?" Garnet asked, speaking softly and rapidly.

"Aye."

"Well, there's no time to count cost. It's a queer accident and it's playing the game in a way we didn't exactly anticipate. But someone must go, and as I am not inclined to give up our chance of the bank funds someone must stay here and see it out. You must feed those chaps in there, or at any rate give them some water, that is, if it is a hot day. A thirty hours' fast won't kill them. We'll be back to-morrow afternoon before two. Mind, if by any chance we are not, you must ride off and we'll meet in the small clearing. The magistrate's away and won't be back till the day after to-morrow. We'll just bring in these brutes, that is, if they've hurt the women, and lock them up and then do the bank game and flit. Don't forget, if we're not here by two o'clock to-morrow afternoon, you must vanish. Those chaps may drop one or both of us. But—well, that's got to be risked. Good-bye, Wingy. You thoroughly understand my instructions, Constable Simpson?" he continued loud enough for the youth to hear.

"Yes, sir," answered Nolans respectfully. He walked down the yard and held back the gate whilst Garnet and O'Dare, both on police horses with regulation trappings, rode out closely followed by the youth, also on a police horse.

Garnet and O'Dare gave a parting nod to their companion just before a turn in the road hid them from view.

"Jiminy!" murmured Nolans, as he walked back into the kitchen, "'ere's a game, 'ere's a bit o' pink calico! Me playin' the bloomin' orficer in charge with arf a dozen perlice under lock and key, whilst me mates may get the drop inside o' the next four hours! It's all up with the 'ole show if either of 'em is 'ard 'it. Whilst 'ere—Well! Strike me sky blue pink" (Wingy always had a partiality for pink), "if I 'aven't got a cheek. I'm boss o' this 'ere town," he chuckled, "and there's two 'undred on my 'ead dead or alive. I'll arrest me bloomin' self, b'gosh if I don't, and charge meself in the charge-book and send in a written application for the two 'undred, blest if I don't.

And during the next hour Wingy, with sundry chuckles, proceeded to fill in the necessary forms and papers relative to the arrest of "that desprate karackter Wingfield Nolans," and made an application for the reward.

"i nose him as well as i nose myself," the letter ran, "and if u send me the money i'l put u on his trax, tho' he's desprate enuf to stick up a township."

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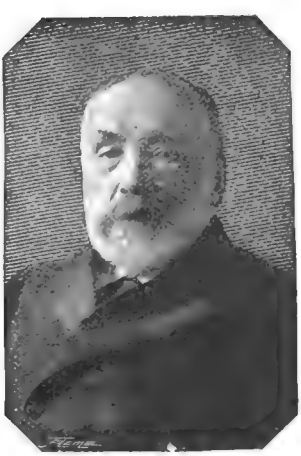
His Father.

Lord Armstrong.

His Mother.

His Father.



Henry Labouchere.

His Mother.

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His Father.

Herbert Gladstone.

His Mother.

Her Father.

Miss Florence Marryat.

Her Mother.

His Father.

Murray Carson.

His Mother.

Google

His Father.

Sir Faudel Phillips.

His Mother.

Her Father.

Mrs. Ormiston Chant.

Her Mother.

His Father.

Solomon J. Solomon, A.R.A.

His Mother.

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THE CHILD WIVES OF INDIA.

By D. L. Woolmer.

A CERTAIN glamour hovers about the idea of a child wife. The immortal Dora of Charles Dickens' creation was richly endowed with fascinating failings, derelictions of duty absolved as often as they occurred. If she should forget her husband's dinner, a playful pencil mark on his nose was sufficient to atone for it. Brilliant imagination may also cast a glamour over the millions of child wives in India. It can even shed a glow of sentiment and pensive beauty on the 174,532 widows under fifteen years of age. But L'Allegro and Il Penseroso are not personified amongst the Hindus. A young wife invited to

> "Come and trip it as you go
> On the light, fantastic toe,"

would probably hide her embarrassed face in her *sari*. An infant widow advised to hail the Cherub contemplation and the pleasures of Melancholy might patiently prepare for an addition to the burden of penance that weighs down her aching shoulders.

Amongst our 280 million Indian fellow subjects every form of conjugal relation will be found, from the grossest polygamy and polyandry to the highest and most rational form of monogamy. The variety in wedding ceremonies indicates what may follow by domestic bliss or otherwise. The Brahmin wife, for instance, is bound for life by numerous symbolic rites, whilst a bridegroom belonging to some of the romantic hills simply stuns his bride by a club and drags her to his hut. The Hons drink beer together, and the Kariahs of Central India are indissolubly united by the act of throwing a pot of water over each other.

The most advanced and enlightened, as well as the most degraded, regard early marriage as the rule. The distinguished Secretaries of the Parsee Law Association made a written statement that, "Amongst our people the custom of infant marriages is far too common for the common good." With the orthodox Hindus of Bengal, the custom is not only common, but universal. Their ancestors and their creed sprang up in North India, and in the valley where their adored Mother Ganges wanders for 1550 miles, they hold most tenaciously to the time honoured rites and customs. There the infant girls are earliest granted that one sacrament of marriage which alone entitles them to spiritual blessings. There the widows are the most rigid in the performance, and their relations in the exaction, of expiatory penance for sins committed in a former state of existence—sins which, they are told, have caused the gods to smite their husbands, so that they themselves are guilty of murder and under a curse.

The last census discovered that the married

Two little wives at school in North India. About 8 or 9 years old.

Google

A typical young Hindu wife of North India. Age 15 or 16, in reception attire.

ladies of India under nine years old numbered between two and three millions, and the matrons, aged from ten to fourteen, between five and six millions.

The conditions of family life, and the religious conceptions of a father's responsibility differ widely from English ideas. It is about twelve years since the Hindoo lady, Rukmabai, through her lawsuit and letters to the *Times* of India, brought the question of Indian marriage laws before the public of Great Britain and America. She had reached the mature age of eleven when she was married, but continued to live in her parents' house. Her relations belonged to an advanced section of the community, and they gave her the same advantages of education as an English girl of a corresponding class would enjoy. She had grown into a highly-cultivated and refined lady when a coolie —ignorant, consumptive, and without a character—claimed her as his blushing bride.

His claim was legal according to Hindu law, and he appealed to English judges to enforce it. Rukmabai was resolved to resist. After wearisome suits, the Court saw no option save to pass an order that she should join her husband within a month. Should she fail to do so, she would be liable to six months imprisonment. The case closed by a compromise. The lady agreed to pay 2,000 rupees, and the plaintiff undertook to make no attempt to execute the decree of the lower court against her. The lady gained a moral and her husband a legal victory.

When the English assumed the Government of India, it gave emphatic pledges not to interfere with the religious beliefs and domestic usages of the country. The rulers soon came face to face with a great difficulty. Religion and custom obliged a Hindu father to secure for his daughter the protection of a husband before she reached womanhood, and this involved practices which Englishmen objected to sanction. The male population had been decreased by war, so to avoid the disgrace of girls growing up single, large numbers were destroyed at their birth.

In order to assure marriage to every girl, the re-marriage of widows was prohibited, and they were as a rule burnt alive at the funeral pyre with their husbands' dead body. The British Government decided that it was a supreme duty to protect life. Infanticide was decreed to be murder, and the conducting

Married ladies of Madras Presidency, the eldest about eight. Dressed in their best to greet the Countess of Dufferin and Ava.

Google

A young Hindu wife, not more than 12, out of her element.

or abetting of widow-burning, culpable homicide.

Long after 1829, the year that Lord William Bentinck prohibited the rite of *suttee*, the law was frequently evaded. The remark of the Hindu lady, Rukmabai, "The English have abolished *suttee*, but neither the English nor the angels know what goes on in our homes," discloses a world of misery hidden behind the *purdah*.

A Hindu gentleman's house generally consists of three parts, the *mardana*, or men's apartments, the *zenana*, or women's apartments, and the servants' apartments. To this is often added a place of worship. The rooms are built round a courtyard, and the *zenana* is given the place of security farthest away from the street. It is possible for a little girl to enter the world already provisionally given in marriage. A zealous Hindu father will lose no time in seeing that his infant daughter bears the marriage mark. Marriage contracts are usually made through the barbers. First the horoscope must be consulted. If the tutelary planet decrees long life to the infant, a husband must be chosen whose planet promises a still longer enjoyment of this world, for she must not be a widow.

After the first ceremony, during which her hair is parted and a line of scarlet painted on her forehead, she is regarded as irrevocably married, once and for all. Should the boy or man who has been chosen for her die, she is a widow for ever, whether she has seen him or not.

The Indian marriage market admits of complicated speculations. The heavy cost to the bride's father has often brought him into the clutches of the money lender, and has been the temptation to infanticide when several girls have made their unwelcome appearance in the *zenana*.

An old and unchivalrous joke "the bride is given away, and the bridegroom is very often sold," is literally true in the greater number of Hindu marriages. A few years ago a complaint from Bengal came to England. The educational system for boys was raising the price of bridegrooms to an alarming extent. A boy who had passed his

A rebellious wife. A girl of 15 or 16 discovered by some ladies tied after having been beaten with a table leg.

Google

A young wife of North India. An unwonted experience for a wife of 12 or 14. Is the camera the Evil Eye?

entrance examination at college was rated at 300 rupees, whilst those who had taken degrees were fetching fancy prices as prospective sons-in-law.

This was very serious. Girls *must* be married. When every other device fails, in some castes, a young maiden is solemnly married to an Ashwatta tree, the so-called *ficus religiosa*. This fate is by no means so hard as the sale of the bride. A Hindu's creed teaches him that his future salvation depends on the rites at his funeral pyre being conducted by his son or his grandson, so if he is childless and has few advantages he feels that a wife is worth paying for. A healthy little girl may discover when the transaction is complete that she is the wife of a leper, or has become one of an old Brahmin priest's numerous wives. In either case, the awful curse of widowhood is imminent.

The *Times of India*, of March 28th, 1891, quoted a case of child-marriage speculation. Surbessur Pal, of Alipore, felt himself an ill-used man. He bought a wife of eight or nine years old. Her father agreed to take 101 rupees for her, and received a deposit of 10 rupees. Another suitor offered her father 300 rupees for her. This offer was accepted also, and the preliminary marriage ceremony completed. Surbessur would not see his rights set aside, and he managed to run away with his child wife. Her father charged him with kidnapping, and, though the prosecution fell through for want of evidence, he obtained possession of his daughter. Not long after, this enterprising man effected a third bargain and consigned his little girl to a new husband. Surbessur charged this bridegroom with committing bigamy, and the Brahmin priest with aiding and abetting the offence.

There is little doubt that with the majority of Hindus, matrimony is only a matter of business, arranged by the *Chataks*, or brokers. As for the girl who is transferred as any other household chattel, from one guardian to another, she generally quietly acquieses in the custom that her mother and grandmother have practised and approved. Usually between the first and second ceremony, she is sent on a visit to her future mother-in-law, and then, before she can possibly know the

The wife of the Hindu priest of a Maharajah. She was married when between 4 and 5 years of age, and was sent immediately to the *zenana* of the bridegroom. She escaped and became a Christian. This photo was taken when she was 16.

Google

meaning of the word marriage or wife, the great day which makes one of the few breaks in the monotony of life in a zenana arrives, and she finds herself an ephemeral queen. She is arrayed in all the jewellery that her limbs can carry, and sometimes more—for the weight makes it impossible for her to stand up, and rites, more or less elaborate, and varying according to the orthodoxy and district, ratify the bonds which are already recognised by law.

The appearance in an orthodox *zenana* of a white woman is sometimes alarming. What makes her such a strange, ghostly colour? She comes from England, she explains, she has crossed the sea in a ship. What is a ship? She finds that she is talking far above their heads. What is that in her hand? It is a flower. They have never seen one, and proceed to pick it to pieces to find out how it is made. She has an ordinary little doll in her pocket. They cry out for this marvel. "Give it me," says one. "Let me have it for a little while, only just to see if it will grow." "Give it to me and I will give you my baby instead," says another persuasively.

Five girls of Sudra caste, of Travancore, distinguished by their knots of hair. The sixth, a native Christian. In the enlightened native state of Travancore *zenanas* are unknown. Brahmin girls of 6 or 7 years old are frequently married to men of mature age. It is a complaint that the most intelligent and attractive Sudra girls are often taken from school to be temporary wives of the Brahmins, to be cast off when the lawful wives are 12 or 14. These girls are between 11 and 14.

The poor baby! It might echo that cry when handled by a young mother who is more fit to play with a toy. But the child is a title of honour, especially if it is a son. From the day of its birth, the wife is called the "mother of Jehanghir or of Shushilla," or whatever the name of her offspring may be, and she is treated with respect. If she should fail to bring her husband an heir, she will probably be superseded and neglected. A Hindu who has sons is usually content with one wife, unless he is a Brahmin priest, who may divide his favours amongst a hundred, and live at the expense of his numerous father-in-laws.

The cries that resound in these zenanas are never more sad and terrible than when Death carries away an only son. His mother in her anguish bids farewell to hope and favour. A lady visited a Mohammedan *zenana* in Calcutta, found a young girl in abandonment of grief. In the dirge-like way in which a native woman wails out her sorrow, she repeated again and again such refrains as "My lap is empty now. My little one, where has it gone? I promised and vowed to sacrifice a cow. I prayed in everyone's name, even Christ's, but neither He nor Mahommet, nor Ali, nor Bibi Fatima heard my prayer."

It is not uncommon for women to cry till they are blind under such circumstances. They are children in mind and self-control, and there is nothing in their religion to give them comfort.

The lot of a child-wife, even under the most severe of mothers-in-law, is happy compared with that of a child-widow. Some Hindu women lament the abolition of *suttee*. The short, though sharp, suffering was honourable, and it was a means of blessing to themselves and their husband. The alternatives are a life of penance or shame. A widow must never eat more than one meal a day, and that of coarse food; she must fast for twenty-four hours every month, or in the religious district of Krishnagur, every eleventh day, and then

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no crumb must pass her lips, and if she desires merit, no drop of water.

She must not sleep on a bedstead lest this indulgence should cause her husband to fall from a realm of joy; and her shadow must not cross any festivity, lest it bring ill-luck.

Is it any wonder that when a girl's dead body is found in a well, her friends' inquest is quickly concluded with the verdict, "only a widow." Supposing she should enter a new existence as a rat or a chicken, her condition could hardly be worse; she might, indeed, be worshipped in this new form, and, possibly —who can tell?—she might attain the height of a virtuous woman's ambition for another life—and be born again as a cow. A cow is worth ten women, as every Hindu schoolboy knows.

But in India generations succeed one another quickly, and new ideas from the West flow into the ports and travel inland with railways and the electric telegraph. There are, in great cities, signs of reaction against child-marriage and child-widowhood; but in the interior, customs, especially within the *zenanas*, are probably the same as they were on the day that our Gracious Queen ascended the Throne.

A CURIOUS CATASTROPHE.

THE accompanying photograph represents the result of an unusual occurrence, which happened on the 12th of June, 1897, to the Drayton Park Tavern, Drayton Park, Highbury, London, N., at 1.30 in the morning.

The accident occurred through a manhole being dug at the corner of the pavement; this disturbed the ground near the foundations of the corner pillar, which supported the main weight of the building. This pillar can be seen in the photographs sticking out amongst the debris.

At the time of the accident the owner and his wife and baby and two barmaids were sleeping at the top of the house, and though the wife and baby were buried under the ruins, they were successfully rescued by the firemen, and except for the shock were luckily uninjured

Photo by P. J. Mahett.

A total wreck.

The escape of the baby and its mother was truly marvellous. For over an hour they lay buried. The slightest shifting or settling of the mass above and about them and they would have been slowly but surely crushed to death.

The work of rescue, like all such work, required to be done not merely with desperate speed but with the most delicate care. Heavy beams had to be prised upwards and aside, and yet in such a way that no harm should come to those lying helpless underneath.

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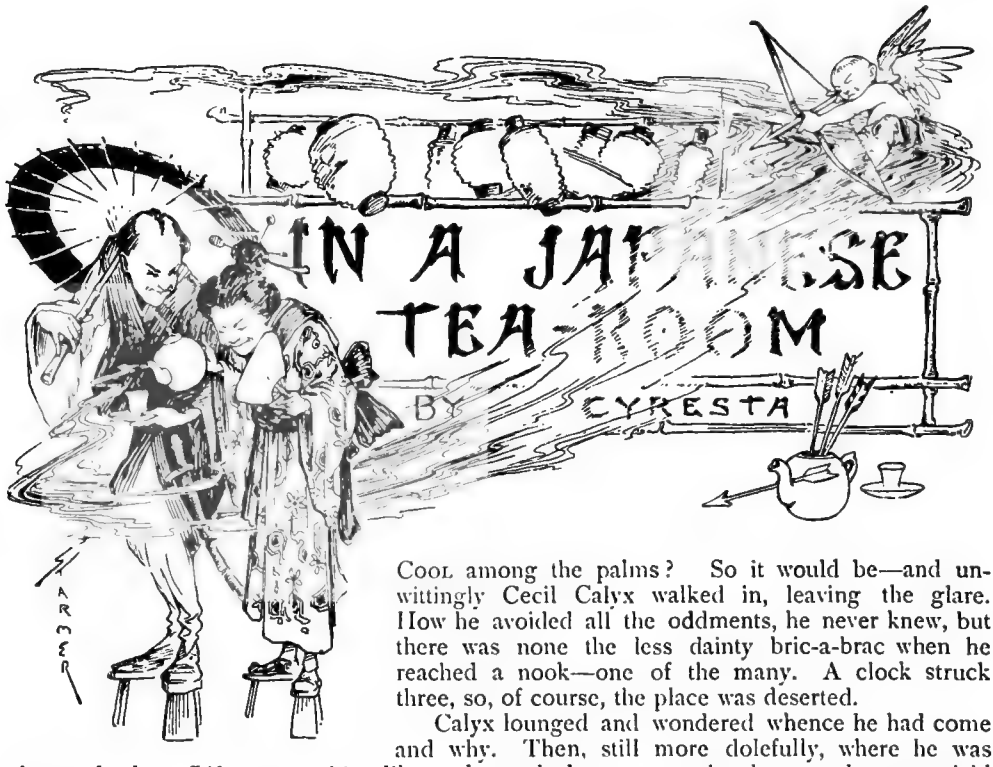

Cool among the palms? So it would be—and unwittingly Cecil Calyx walked in, leaving the glare. How he avoided all the oddments, he never knew, but there was none the less dainty bric-a-brac when he reached a nook—one of the many. A clock struck three, so, of course, the place was deserted.

Calyx lounged and wondered whence he had come and why. Then, still more dolefully, where he was going and why. Life was to him like a damped slate; yet, curiously enough, most vivid to his mind was the picture which had been rudely erased therefrom. This picture—now so blurred—had been of a woman, the erasing done by her hand—equally of course.

Above him hung palms, like those which had allured him at the door. Near him a stand of ferns, supported by a female statue, should have breathed cool fragrance; but the figure—Eastern indeed she was—emitted counteracting venom. He wished he could eliminate the sex—if only for one single hour. Curves feminine, folds feminine, yea—more than all—wiles feminine he cursed.

To assure himself again that the place was empty, he scanned the many alcoves round him. Japanese curtains, tables, draperies, and paper trifles made a veritable corner of Japan (though he hardly knew it); but not a sound crossed the perfumed air. Calyx felt overpowered. Why, femininity might symbolize the place, its subtle fans and butterflies and gaudy paper flowers, its little grinning dolls and dainty egg-shell china with quaint Eastern inscriptions. There was nothing strong or masculine about it. Why was he there? His mood had changed already. The glowing sunshine, of which he caught a glimpse through the glass door, seemed more wholesome. Before him floated river air, a dream of boats, loose flannel garments, muscles, pipes, and like things, in which petticoats hold no part.

He half rose to court the vision, when a tiny voice, trilling a Geisha song, spoilt the silence. A Geisha song! Finishing touch to him. Yet the sweet trilling was what the place needed to give it life. From his quiet corner, he watched the singer flit from table to table, placing little bowls of sugar on each.

The quaint little Japanese gown hung in straight folds over the Japanese figure, and her dark hair was piled high, conforming in style. But the words of the Geisha-song were French and the steps she surreptitiously danced in the middle of the hall were all French.

Yet Calyx did not move when confronted by this essence and embodiment of all the Feminine, however nearly he may have felt asphyxiated by its atmosphere.

There was more sugar to be distributed.

Still trilling, the volatile little figure came towards his table, observed him and—

"Ah, Monsieur!" She dropped some of her sweet burden.

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Calyx waited—hardly a moment.

"Ah, Monsieur! Monsieur wants tea? I am foolish not to have seen. But this place—it is only after three. We have not open till four. There is some mistake with the door—Monsieur found it unlocked—and there was no one here. Ah, I have sorrow!"

"It is of no matter," he replied coldly. "I had hardly thought of tea. If you have none ready I will go somewhere else."

"Non, Monsieur! Ah, non! It shall be ready. See how quickly," and playing with her little fan, which she closed and opened airily across her face as she glanced back at him, she ran out of sight.

So the Geisha was not a Geisha after all!

Calyx threw himself back again on his cushioned seat. He might as well have the tea. After all, why should he run away from a little French girl in a Japanese costume.

From where he sat he could not see into the other alcoves. Indeed, seclusion was all his own. For the first time that afternoon, he allowed his thoughts to wander from the blurred picture on the slate.

Back came the tripping Geisha-lady, not singing now, but with soft rosy lips pursed close together as she bore her dainty paper tray, and on it poised a cone-shaped, thimble cup and spouted, ball-like teapot.

"Monsieur will have his tea alone? With cream and cakes?"

"Can't you see I'm alone?"

The question irritated him.

"Ah, but I thought perhaps the lady who——"

"There is not a lady," cut in Calyx.

"But, indeed, there used to be, Monsieur." The soft dark eyes moistened at the rigour of his tones.

"Used to be?" he repeated stupidly, as though he had never known it.

"Oui, Monsieur. I have seen Monsieur often at the 'Albion,' and there was a sweet lady with him too."

"At the 'Albion'! Oh, you served there, did you? I don't remember."

"I was not a Geisha there, Monsieur, and you do not know me again. But I know Monsieur very well—oh, very well indeed. And the lady I know too. I have seen her here also."

"I have not been in the place before."

"No. She was—without Monsieur. That is true. But now you will bring her? Ah, do!"

"No. I shall never bring her here," he replied bitterly.

"What? She has not—what you call 'chucked' Monsieur? Impossible! Monsieur has only to lift his little finger, and——"

But Calyx had had enough.

"That will do," he said gently. "Pour out my tea for me in real Japanese style, and then fetch another cup and have some with me."

The little Geisha glanced mischievously at the clock, picked up one of the lumps of sugar she had dropped before and, flipping it gently at Calyx, bounded away as fast as her curious little skirt allowed her.

Before Calyx had realised that he had extended hospitality, she was back, rich colour coming and going quickly in her usually pale cheeks.

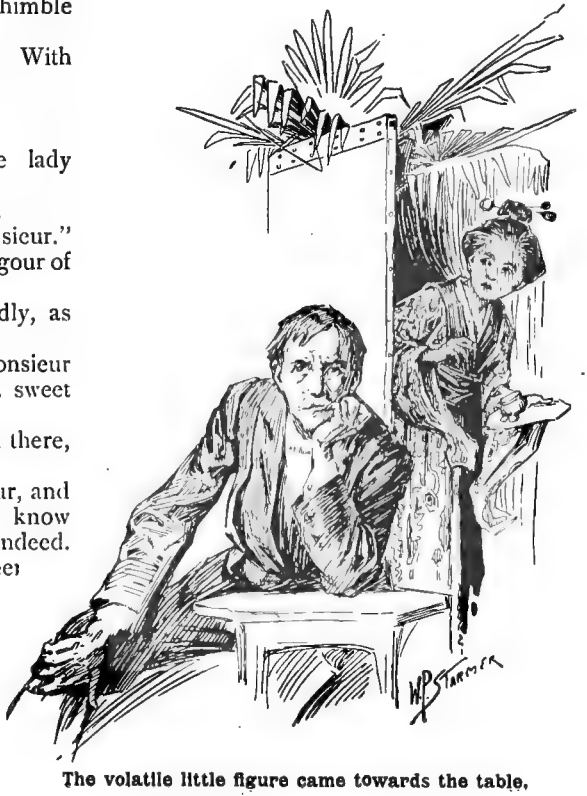
"It is nearly a quarter to four, Monsieur. Soon the door will be opened and the other Geishas will come."

"Let them come. You stay as long as you can."

She seated herself on a queer stool opposite his cushioned lounge. The thick cream poured nimbly under her hands into his cup.

"Monsieur takes sugar?"

"No, thanks. You can have my share."



The volatile little figure came towards the table.

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"Come down there, Lady-Geisha. You will fall."

"Merci!" She dropped three large lumps into the clear amber liquid and peeped below her lashes as she watched it dissolve.

"Monsieur eats nothing."

She passed cakes.

"I don't want any. They are too sweet."

"Then I can have them." She clapped her hands with a trill of delight. "But Monsieur must have a tiny piece of thin rolled bread and butter. See, I will bite it." She pecked off a wee fragment and put the delicate wafer in his hand—touching his fingers as she did so.

Calyx withdrew them quickly but, to please her, placed the dainty morsel in his mouth.

Then he had another and another.

"Ah, Monsieur can eat now, but he does not yet smile. It is all that naughty lady Violet"—she pronounced the name with a soft French accent.

Calyx started.

"What do you know—about Violet?" The words were half involuntary.

"You must not be angry, again," she said, with every feature pleading to him. "I heard you say to the lady 'Violet,' 'Violet'—always Violet—and such sweet other things too."

The man winced. She had called up memories.

"How dare you listen to what I said."

"Ah, Monsieur! The name is so pretty. I would much rather one should call me Violet than my name."

"What is your name, Lady-Geisha?"

She showed her little pearly teeth.

'Mimi—just like a baby."

"And it suits you—for you are a baby, Lady-Geisha," and Calyx reached across the table and caught one rosy little ear in his finger-tips.

"Ah, Monsieur! You must not," she said, shaking her head slowly at him. "What would the lady Violet say?"

"It doesn't matter what she would say, Mimi. Don't talk of her. Have you ever been in love?"

"In love? Monsieur! You make pleasantry. In love?" her face beamed, "in love? Ah, *mille fois*, Monsieur."

"And are you in love now?"

"Monsieur asks that when I am near him. Fie!"

"Well, have you ever been in love with somebody you thought cared for you—and then found he didn't?"

The Lady-Geisha looked grave.

"Non, Monsieur. That is impossible for me."

"Why?"

"Because, when I have been in love—really in love, I mean—the other must always care. How could he help it?" Her round black eyes twinkled invitingly as they met his.

"Well then, I will tell you——"

"Non, Monsieur. You will not tell me that if you have been in love—the girl has not. You—why, you are so—" she paused for an adjective—"so *magnifique*! Any girl——"

"Lady-Geisha you are a sad flatterer. Do you want to hear my story?"

"Not if it is about the lady Violet. She must be so *bête*."

"But I love her——"

"And she loves you, I think also. Is it not so?"

"What makes you think that?"

"You are called Cecil. Is that not so?"

"You little witch. Do you know everything? Who told you?"

"Well, you see, the lady Violet was here with a friend."

Calyx made a gesture of impatience.

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"Oh, it was a girl—Monsieur may rest his mind. I gave them tea. And she said Cecil was to come, and Cecil was to go, and Cecil said this, that, and the other—until I think the friend must hate Cecil—and she must love him."

"But we have quarrelled since then," he said sadly.

Mimi laughed—a real Geisha laugh.

"And is that why Monsieur has—what you call 'mopes'? Impossible!"

"It is quite enough, Mimi."

"But you are engaged to her. You have only to give her one little kiss like that," she blew him a dainty one across the table—"and all will be well again."

"But we are not engaged now. That is all over. Look, this is what she gave me back just now—after we had quarrelled."

Mimi's lips formed an "oh" of delight and wonderment, and her eyes sparkled as brightly as the half-hoop of diamonds in their quaint setting, on which she was gazing.

"Her ring! Ah, Monsieur! She gave you that back? How could she bear to do it? And—why did you not refuse to take it?"

"I don't know, Lady-Geisha. I suppose I was angry."

"How beautiful it is. It shines. Let me hold it a minute?"

Her lips pouted charmingly at his refusal and she watched him replace it carelessly in a pocket. Then she smiled.

"Oh, you two. You make each other unhappy for nothing—quite nothing. Send it her again and tell her she must wear it."

"I can't do that, Lady-Geisha. It would not be—well—dignified."

"What is that you call—dignified? You are not dignified when you are in love. See, I am not dignified."

She clambered on to the stool and bent over towards him.

"Oh, you men! What little fools! Are you not?"

"Come down there, Lady-Geisha. You will fall." He crossed to her side to prevent accidents.

"Monsieur must not touch me. Go away, Monsieur." Her head was just above the level of his. She placed one little hand on his shoulder—her lips neared his forehead—his eyes were on her black ones.

The next moment the clock struck four. At the first sound Mimi was three yards from the tea-table, at the last a number of little Geisha maidens appeared on the scene as if by magic. The door was opened and people began dropping in.

Mimi sighed. "But I did it cleverly," she murmured. Then louder, "Monsieur, I will fetch your little bill."

"All right, Lady-Geisha. Be quick. I want to get away before I meet anyone I know here."

But this Calyx was not fated to do. Before he had moved a step, two young men accosted him where he stood.

"Calyx, old man! What have you been doing with yourself all these ages? You're not going yet? Oh, it's too early for anything. Sit down and tell us all about Macclesfield," and Cecil, though unwilling, was dragged back to talk turf and theatre, politics and other people's love affairs, and to dissemble unpleasant thoughts about his own.

Meanwhile, the Lady-Geisha's thoughts were not much more comforting than his. Calyx had settled his bill, paying a half-crown over and above the amount thereof, and this jingled against something else as Mimi slipped it into her little Japanese pocket.

"Oh, what shall I do—what shall I do?" she thought in French. "It was all my mischief to take it from his waistcoat just

"Oh, what has Mademoiselle dropped?"

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after he put it back—and when he thought I was going to kiss him," she laughed to herself softly at the idea. "And now he is speaking to those horrid men, and I can't give it him and say it was a joke. Oh, what will he think—if he finds out it is gone? Perhaps he will call me a thief."

Mimi busied herself among her other customers, furtively glancing at the three men in the secluded corner every now and then, so that she might not lose an opportunity of speaking to Calyx alone.

Then she caught sight of two ladies she knew coming in.

"Ah, that makes it easier," she said. "I have an idea."

She went quickly to the alcove they had chosen, which was lower down on the same side as the one in which Calyx was sitting.

"Tea for two, ladies?" she said in her most professional tone.

"Please."

As she spread out the dainty ware and cakes she listened carefully to the conversation—without appearing to do so, as was her custom.

"Never mind, Violet, said one of them. "It isn't worth all this trouble, I am sure. He will come round to see you to-morrow and make friends.

"I'm afraid not. And it was all my fault really—I was a little beast—and——"

"Probably he thinks the same about himself by this time."

The girl called Violet did not seem to derive much consolation from this remark. She was pulling off her dainty gloves, preparatory to pouring out the tea.

Mimi was not clumsy as a rule, but just then she upset a little stand full of Japanese knick-knacks, which was behind the ladies.

They both started up.

"It is all right, ladies. I am sorry to cause you trouble. There is no harm done."

"Lady-Geisha, I have been looking for you everywhere."

The Lady-Geisha was on the floor, picking up odds and ends. There was a little cry.

"Oh, what has Mademoiselle dropped?" Mimi was holding up something bright.

"Is it yours, Mademoiselle?"

The lady called Violet took the ring. "Yes, it is mine. But I don't at all understand. I gave it to Cecil—and I thought he took it. Could it have got caught in my dress? How very queer ——"

"Most extraordinary," said her friend. "Are you quite sure that it is your own?"

"Of course! It has the name inside." She had placed it on her engagement finger. "I shall never have the heart to take it off again. But where can it have come from?"

"I picked it off the floor—just under the table, Mademoiselle," said the Lady-Geisha, truthfully enough be it understood.

Just then a man's voice was heard ——

"Lady-Geisha, I have been looking for you everywhere. It seems I have lost the ——" there was a sudden break, as Calyx caught sight of the faces behind. He was about to turn away, when a soft voice said:—

"Cecil!" and a white hand with a shining ring on its third finger was held towards him.

Glancing at the jewels, he took the hand in his own. Then he sat down without a word, vowing that nothing should ever again come between him and the owner of that hand.

And Mimi, the Lady-Geisha, brought him another little bill that afternoon, and afterwards had a further reckoning with Calyx, of which the upshot was more half-crowns and——

"You are not angry with me, Monsieur?"

"Angry? You are a little witch, Lady-Geisha."

"Did Mademoiselle want to know what it was you lost?"

"I told her it was a bet, Mimi."

"Ah, Monsieur, I too have been in love."

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HEROES OF THE LIFEBOAT

By G. A. Binnie.

"Man the Lifeboat!" The very words seem to bring to the mind's eye the ghoul-like howl of the wind, and the crashing roar of murderous seas that ring their war-cry on the defiant rocks: the piteous boom of deep despair that moans for help from out the darkness, relieved by a rocket's bright flash to Heaven, as if to signal that the aid of man had gone by. The clanging bell, the hurried tramp, and hoarse cries: frightened women, flickering lanterns, and loud hurrahs snapped by the wind and dashed into darkness, as if in vengeful fury, proclaim that the lifeboat and her gallant crew are once again on their mission of mercy to the poor unknown souls "way out there, sir!"

And what of the men who man her, and the many that dot our shores? Heroes—most true and devoted heroes—every one of them, each worthy to be told of individually. But space forbids, and only a few have I picked out, not as exceptional cases, but rather as splendid examples of British lifeboatmen.

The name of Charles E. Fish may well be accorded first place as a hero among heroes. The splendid heroism revealed in the rescue of the crew from the wreck of the *Indian Chief* by the lifeboat *Bradford*, of Ramsgate, has never been surpassed, and Mr. Fish may well be proud to have been the coxswain of such a gallant crew.

For his part in the rescue of the crew of the *Indian Chief*, Mr. Fish was specially decorated by H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh. The grand total of 877 lives saved stand to his credit and the Royal National Life-boat Institution bestowed the first gold second-service clasp ever granted in this country upon Coxwain Fish.

Photo by **Crew of the Lifeboat "Bradford."** Young.

The heroes of the rescue of the crew of the *Indian Chief*, wrecked on the Long Sand.

Robert Bickerstaffe the coxswain of the *Robert William* of Blackpool has been instrumental in saving 780 lives. He received two of his medals for the plucky rescue of the crew of the *Bessie Jones*

Google

Photo by Hogben.
Charles E. Fish.
Coxswain of the Ramsgate Lifeboat.

that many can remember, with everything apparently against them, they did such yeoman service that not a single life was lost.

Another medal was granted to Coxswain Bickerstaffe by the Royal Humane Society for rescuing a man from drowning in 16ft. of water and about 100 yards from the shore. The gold medal was presented by his crew as a token of esteem after 18 years service.

John Greer belongs to the *Albert Edward* of Clacton-on-Sea. He has saved 292 lives and served in the Coast-Guard boat before the lifeboat came to Clacton. Mr. Greer holds the silver medal and the long service medal from the Institution with testimonial, and also received, for a previous rescue, the Institution's thanks inscribed on vellum. For saving the crew of the *Madeleine*, sixteen men, Mr. Greer was awarded a medal and testimonial from the French Government.

John Owston is the coxswain of the *Queensbury* lifeboat of Scarborough. He has saved some 200 lives in all, and received the silver medal of the Institution for distinguished bravery, in taking, in the teeth of a severe gale, the crews numbering twenty-five men and one woman, out of four vessels in one day.

Robert William Hook, coxswain of the Lowestoft lifeboat, is the proud possessor of five medals, and has been the means of saving 600 lives. Of the three medals which Mr. Hook is wearing in his photograph, the middle one is for saving the crew of the Norwegian barque *Berthon*, November 14th, 1882. The one on the right is from the Institution, and that on the left for saving seven out of twelve of the crew of *The Osip*, an Austrian brig, under circumstances of exceptional bravery and daring on the "black" January 13th, 1866, when the Gorleston lifeboat was capsized, and twelve of her crew drowned.

The first time the boat put off the men were reluctantly compelled to return, but later in the day they set off again.

The atmosphere was thick with fog and rain, and the sea such that the "good-byes" were sobbed, not spoken. But victory was at the helm of the gallant little band, and Mr. Hook was presented with a pair of binocular glasses by the Austrian Government as a memento of a gallant and dangerous rescue.

Photo by Mitchell.
Robert Bickerstaffe.
Coxswain of the *Robert William*, Blackpool.

A melancholy interest attaches itself to the portrait of Mr. Huggett. He is coxswain of the new lifeboat house and lifeboat established at Eastbourne to the memory of the late William Terris, so cruelly assassinated a short while since. Happily, the services on this coast have so far been few, but Mr. Huggett has assisted in saving some fifty or more lives.

Henry Hood is the coxswain of the lifeboat *Job Hindley*, Seaton-Carew, West Hartlepool, and was decorated by her Majesty the Queen with the Albert Medal on the occasion of the wreck of the schooner *Atlas of Drammen*, March 11th, 1884.

The vessel

Photo by Fries.
John Greer.
Coxswain of the *Albert Edward*, of Clacton.

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was wrecked on the Long Scar rocks off Seaton-Carew, and, finding it impossible to take the lifeboat among the rocks, Hood, and two lifeboat-men, John and Mathew Franklin, determined to land on the reef and make a thorough search for the wreck. With much difficulty and danger, the sea breaking over them, and the coxswain on one occasion being washed off the rocks, they at last discovered the wreck.

Hood, hearing a voice, and seeing some dark object in the surf, rushed into the sea and rescued the mate of the vessel in a most exhausted condition.

The wreck was then hailed, and the remaining four men, by means of the communicating line, were got on to the rocks. The rescuers and the rescued then made for the lifeboat, and after a perilous journey across the rocks, which were being swept by the sea, they at last reached it, and made for the shore.

In addition to the Albert Medal Mr. Hood was also presented with the Silver Medal of the Institution in recognition of his most gallant conduct on this occasion.

James Hill has been coxswain of the Porthoustock lifeboat (Cornwall) for twenty-nine years, and has saved ninety-four lives.

The silver medal of the Institution was voted to him for his good services in putting off twice and rescuing forty-four persons, on the occasion of the wreck of the ill-fated *Mohegan* on the Manacle Rocks, on the 14th October, 1898. Had it not been for the brave and persevering efforts of Coxswain Hill and his crew, few, if any, of the 106 persons on board would have lived to tell the tale.

J. William Tinning, coxswain of the Blyth No. 2 lifeboat, Northumberland, received the silver medal of the Institution for his attempted rescue of Mark A. Fairburn, assistant coxswain of the lifeboat.

Photo by Bourne.
Jesse Huggett.
Coxswain of the Eastbourne Lifeboat.

Photo by Cromack.
John Owston.
Coxswain of the *Queensbury*, of Scarborough.

Whilst on service on the 16th October, 1898, the boat was struck by two heavy seas and was capsized. She righted immediately, and some of the crew regained her, others swimming to the shore.

Fairburn, however, who, contrary to the regulations of the Institution, was not wearing a lifebelt, was carried out to sea, clinging to one of the oars. Tinning, observing him, at once jumped overboard, swam to him, and, at great risk, succeeded in getting him to shore. Unfortunately, he was in a state of collapse, and all efforts to resuscitate him were unavailing.

In addition to this, Mr. Tinning's life-saving record comprises four from drowning, four from fire, and one from the front of an express train, and he is truly a hero in every sense of the word. He holds six life-saving medals.

James Cable has been instrumental in saving many lives, and is coxswain of the Aldeburgh lifeboat. He received the silver medal of the Institution for a gallant rescue off Aldeburgh on the 20th November, 1893. No lifeboat in the recollection of the oldest man there had ever been launched in such a surf.

It was a race against time, for the wreck was heading straight for a shoal which lies

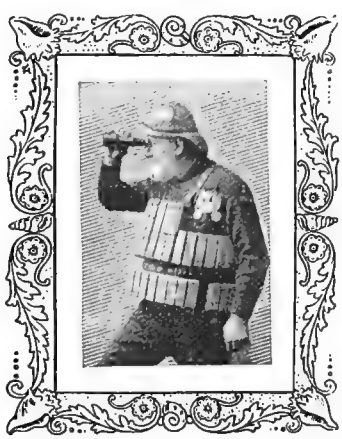

Photo by Boughton.
Robert Hook.
Coxswain of the Lowestoft Lifeboat.

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Photo by Clenetty.

Henry Hood.

Coxswain of the *Job Hindley*, Seaton-Carew.

some fifty fathoms off the southernmost end of the town. They were just in time, and the *Aldeburgh*, with her fourteen rescued passengers, made for Harwich, twenty-one miles distant, and the nearest place of safety for landing.

In the meantime another vessel in distress appeared off Aldeburgh, and a telegram was awaiting Coxswain Cable at Harwich. By five o'clock he and his brave crew were beating up in the teeth of the gale and against the tide towards the Shipwash Bank, which lay fourteen miles off, and where the signals of distress had been seen. This time they arrived too late. They only found a mass of wreckage, and returned to Harwich. On the following morning, soon after midday, the people of Aldeburgh were on the beach to welcome back Cable and his crew after an absence of more than twenty-four hours.

E. W. Woods, coxswain of Gorleston No. 1, *Mark Lane*, has assisted in saving 329 lives from 1882 to the present time.

The rescue for which he received the silver medal of the Institution was that from the *Ada*, a ketch of Portsmouth, on October 14th, 1891. A great gale was blowing, with a tremendous sea, and there was immense difficulty in forming a crew. Mr. Woods, however, collected one, and going out, did not return until he had saved everyone on the wreck.

Photo by Rev. W. Diggens.

James Hill.

Coxswain of the Porthoustock Lifeboat.

The following day Mr. Woods, not content with his previous efforts, went out again, and the vessel itself was brought in.

William Grant, long coxswain of the Margate lifeboat, has a record extending over many years. Fifty years ago, when commerce was carried on chiefly by sailing ships, and the sea's harvest was woefully abundant, Mr. Grant had ten large luggers, especially equipped for saving life. On December 21st, 1848, 116 persons were rescued from a German emigrant ship by two of these luggers, and this is but one of many cases before the present lifeboats were introduced.

The medal of the Institution was awarded for saving the crew of the *Sarah*, of Sunderland, and the clasps for Second Service six years after.

Photo by Fine Art Photo Co.

John Tinning.

Coxswain of the Blyth No. 2 Lifeboat.

Mr. Grant was coxswain of the *Angelina and Hannah*, and had the pleasure of going off in her to welcome the Princess Alexandra of Denmark, when she arrived off Margate on March 8th, 1863. He was also coxswain of the *Quiver*, and has been the means of saving so many lives that he has lost count of their number.

Richard Roberts, coxswain of the Deal Lifeboat, the *Mary Somerville* has been identified with the whole of her splendid record.

Coxswain Roberts is another of our heroes of the Goodwin Sands, whose name is known far and wide. The lives he has saved total up to 409; and the deeds of gallantry in which he has taken part prove him to be a man of exceptional courage. As an instance, in 1899, he mounted the fore air-box of the lifeboat and rescued in his arms five Frenchmen from the *D'Artagnan*. Amongst other medals Roberts was awarded the Second Service clasp of the institution in 1894.

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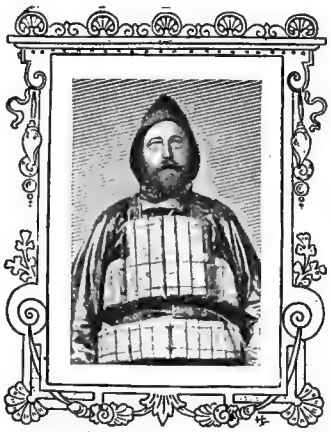

Photo by Atty.

James Cable.

Coxswain of the Aldeburgh Lifeboat.

No article dealing with "Heroes of the Lifeboat" would be complete that did not include a mention of two gallant clerical life-savers. The Rev. D. Bryson, Vicar of Holy Island, off the coast of Northumberland, is distinctly a minister of mind and muscle, and he showed his mettle a year or two ago by acting as coxswain of the local lifeboat during a terrific storm which kept the fishing boats outside the harbour. The smacks were tossed to and fro and could not cross the bar without assistance, and Mr. Bryson having called for volunteers, his courage became contagious. Almost every man in the village volunteered for service, and the lifeboat was launched. Even the women lent willing hands.

A terrible battle with the elements then took place, but at last the lifeboat reached the nearest distressed fishing-smack, and, attaching a rope, towed it safely over the bar into the harbour, amid the cheers and huzzas of the women on shore. Again the lifeboat went out, the rowers being urged to increased efforts by the gallant vicar. Two more smacks were towed into harbour, and then the storm abated and the remaining fishing-boats were able to cross the bar without assistance.

Photo by Miller.

G. W. Woods.

Coxswain of the *Mark Lane*, Gorleston.

The other clergyman who performed a similarly gallant exploit is the Rev. Charles Cobb, now Vicar of Rainham, near Chatham. We will let Mr. Cobb describe the incident in his own words:

"On the morning of January 6th, 1867, a French lugger, the *Courriere de Dieppe*, was seen, during a gale of wind, off the coast of Dymchurch breaking up, with two sailors clinging to the mast.

"A large number of villagers looking on saw one of these poor fellows washed off and drowned. It was Sunday morning, and the news having been brought to the Vicarage, I went down immediately to the shore and saw one of the coastguards standing undressed with a rope around him waiting to go to the rescue. Giving my coat, etc., to a bystander, I swam to the wreck. The rocket apparatus, after some attempts, succeeded in firing a rope to the vessel, but the man was too exhausted for me to intrust him to it.

"In the meantime the wreck was drifting in, and, after a time, the coastguard came to our help, and the man was got ashore. I was given the Albert Medal of the first class, and the coastguard the Albert Medal of the second class. The Emperor of the French sent me a gold medal, and the Royal Lifeboat Institution and the Royal Humane Society both awarded me their silver medals."

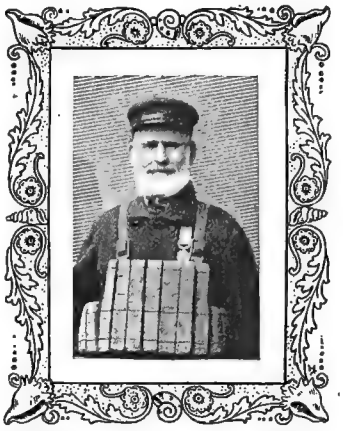

Photo by Houghton.

W. Grant.

Coxswain of the Margate Lifeboat.

Photo by Brown.

R. Roberts.

Coxswain of the *Mary Somerville*, of Deal.

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WHAT A BICYCLE CAN CARRY.

By H. T. Vincent.

The bicycle is an unsociable affair, so far as in itself it is apparently a one-horse, or rather one-man—or woman—affair. Not but what we have heard of sociable bicyles and tandems "built for two"—nay, even for as many as ten. But then they cease to resemble the trim "safety, and begin rather to appear like overgrown centipedes.

But that a two-wheeled, single saddle, ordinary everyday bicycle should be capable of carrying a small community—with a quantity of goods and chattels and live stock into the bargain—is hard to believe.

Off for the Holidays.

It can, as the accompanying illustrations testify. Nor are the burdens arranged in each picture merely for a photographic effect. Lieutenant Lee actually rides about, and did ride about while being photographed, with the loads on his machine which we see.

It is not a mere matter of piling people up after the manner of a pile of bricks. It requires very considerable skill to manage a machine under such circumstances, and I should advise the tyro to be chary of how he endeavours to carry the loads Lieutenant Lee succeeds in doing.

In the first illustration the holiday party are really well provided with bags for their clothes and a banjo for the evening. The dog, to judge by his attitude, is not unaccustomed to the experience he is undergoing.

After the art of cycling has been thoroughly acquired, one is apt to forget to a large extent how much one depends on the manipulation of the front wheel to preserve one's balance. The minute turn that may be necessary at any moment to restore perfect equilibrium gradually becomes almost an instinct.

But watch a beginner passing through the agony of learning to ride a bicycle. The sight was once a common one. It was to be seen on almost every private lawn, down every secluded lane, even in the quiet streets of London. It is a more unique spectacle now, for everyone can bicycle or almost everyone.

Still the sight is to be seen, and in the desperate and spasmodic twists of the front wheel one realises how one's momentary loss of balance is immediately restored.

If you fancy yourself as more or less of an expert cyclist, seat a man with a bag on your handle bars and try a short spin—that is to say if you and the man and the bag and

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A Lift on the Road.

the bicycle are adequately insured.

The first instinctive appeal to the front wheel to preserve your balance is answered by your difficulty in quickly turning it, and whilst you are struggling a catastrophe is more than likely to happen. Finally, try it with one hand as Lieutenant Lee is here seen doing.

The feat as shown in the second illustration is not without an element of utility. It shows one way in which a rider and his machine can be carried with, at any rate, an appearance of ease.

Not but what it must require a considerable amount of pluck on the part of a small boy to trust himself with even so skilled a rider as Lieutenant Lee under him. However it may prove a useful experiment to practice on youthful prospective brothers-in-law.

The last illustration shows the bicycle decidedly full up. To carry such a load in such a way requires not only extreme skill on the part of the cyclist, but no little nerve on the part of the small boy forming the summit of the pyramid.

Of course, almost anybody can, if a bicycle is fastened securely, pile a huge load on it. The great feat is in being able to ride about with it.

Full Up.

Photographs by Russell and Son, Southsea.

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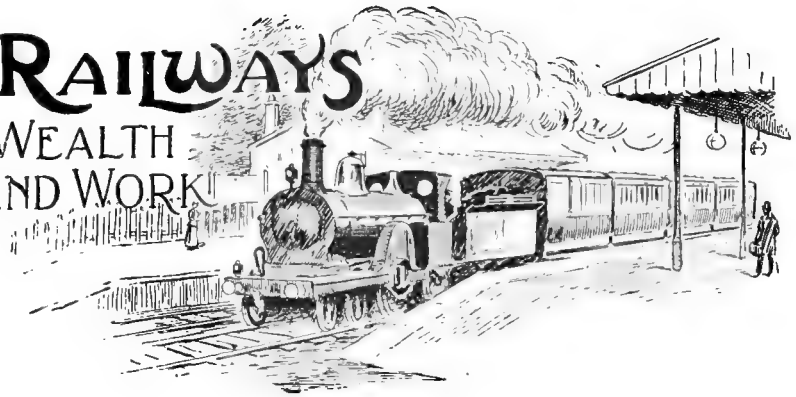
Our Railways

Their Wealth and Work



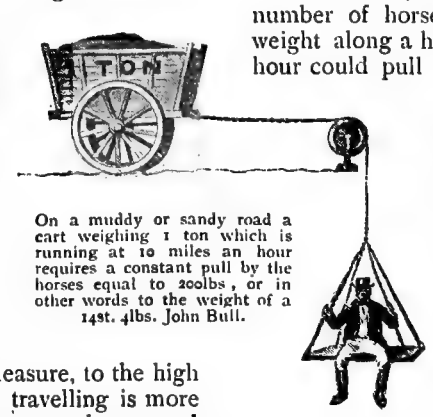
By Leonard Fox.

We are so accustomed to travelling by railroad that the question of the advantage of railways over roads, as a means of quick and easy transport, no longer arises. We have rather to resort to discussing the relative speed and comfort of different lines, never for one moment remembering that the worst third-class carriage in a Parliamentary train is a far better conveyance than the best stage coach of the "good old days."

'Tis true that Mr. Pickwick made merry on his travels both by coach and post-chaise, but it was at the stopping places and not *en route* that the fun generally began.

In contrast to this, we need only remember poor Becky Sharpe, on top of the coach in the rain, to make way for a paying passenger inside.

Though we are still waiting for a new Dickens to paint the humours and pleasures of travelling in a dining car at sixty miles an hour, and of a new Thackeray to wither with his sarcasm the third-class cattle van, yet there are few if any who would want to make the journey, say from London to York, by road in preference to the rail.



On a muddy or sandy road a cart weighing 1 ton which is running at 10 miles an hour requires a constant pull by the horses equal to 200lbs., or in other words to the weight of a 14st. 4lbs. John Bull.

The advent of the motor car has perhaps turned our attention again, in some measure, to the high road, but the question of travelling is more than that of the difference between horses and engines. The poetry and pleasure of a coach and spanking team of four, bowling along a good road, are all very well in their way. But roads are not always good, and sometimes even four horses could not pull the coach out of a rut.

Putting aside, however, the comparison between a locomotive and a horse for mere pulling purposes, let us pause for a moment to see how easy the task of the locomotive has been made for it. A glance at the first illustration will show clearly how much less work a locomotive on rails has to do in order to achieve the same end as a poor, long-suffering horse on a good road, much less on a bad one. Reduced to figures our illustration shows that to keep a load of 1 ton moving at the rate of ten miles an hour there must be a constant pull equivalent:—

On a bad road to 200lbs. weight.
On a good road to 50lbs. weight.
On a railway line to 8lbs. weight.

In other words, this means that the same number of horses that could pull a ton weight along a heavy road at ten miles an hour could pull 25 tons along a railroad at the same speed, always supposing that in the first alternative the unfortunate horses could get along at all. I am giving them the benefit of theory over practice.

It was a recognition of this difference between rails and a roadway which led, in 1825, to the construction of the railway between Stockton and Darlington—the first public railway in England. It was intended to draw carriages or trucks along this line by means of horses, and the introduction of the steam

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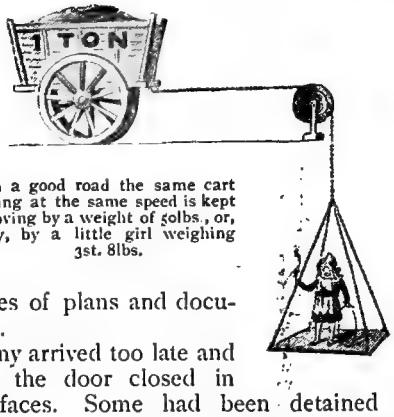
locomotive was only an after-thought, or rather an improvement, which mainly owed its inception to the genius of Stevenson.

The success of the railroad having once been established, it was not long before fresh lines were projected and fresh schemes conceived for railways in every direction. It was not, however, until 1829 that the Liverpool and Manchester railway was opened, and in 1845 the railway mania was at its height.

Those whose recollection does not extend back so far, find it difficult to realise the excitement which possessed the public mind in that year.

It had been announced that all railway bills desiring the sanction of Parliament had to be deposited at the Board of Trade Office by midnight on the 30th November. Up to the last minute furiously driven carriages were rushing up to the door, quickly to shoot out their load of excited applicants, with huge

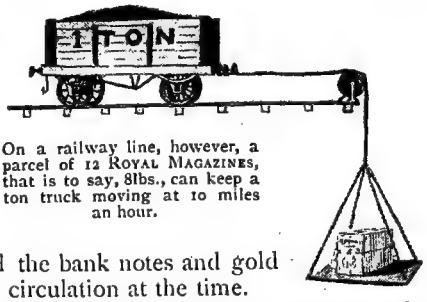


On a good road the same cart going at the same speed is kept moving by a weight of 50lbs., or, say, by a little girl weighing 3st. 8lbs.

bundles of plans and documents.

Many arrived too late and found the door closed in their faces. Some had been detained by unforeseen accidents, and some by accidents neither unforeseen nor undesired by the agents of rival schemes. Like disappointed "pitites" on an important first night, they jostled and clamoured about the door, and, finding supplications vain, cursed the misfortune that had made them perhaps but a few minutes late.

There were presented in all some 1263 bills, asking leave to raise capital to the value of 563 million pounds. A certain percentage had to be deposited with each bill to cover the cost of parliamentary expenses. These deposits amounted to 59 million pounds, or to 20 million pounds more than



On a railway line, however, a parcel of 12 ROYAL MAGAZINES, that is to say, 8lbs., can keep a ton truck moving at 10 miles an hour.

all the bank notes and gold in circulation at the time.

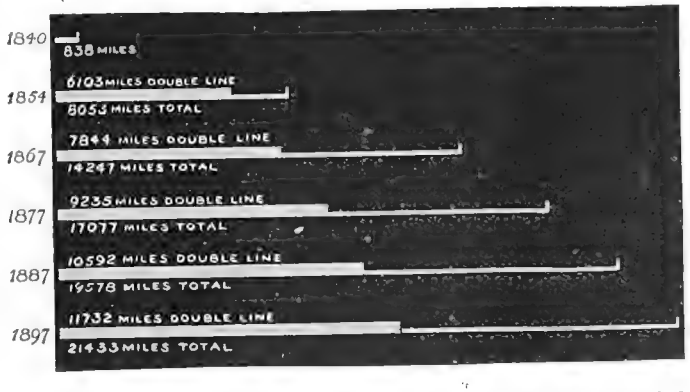
The public took fright at these colossal figures and a panic ensued. Of the 1263 bills only 120 survived and the rest spelt loss and ruin for their instigators. In spite of the feverish agitation and the subsequent crash, the growth of the railways has proved steady and regular, as can be seen by a glance at our fourth illustration.

The increase in the proportion of single lines is the most noticeable feature and a rather curious one. When we remember that Great Britain is only six or seven hundred miles long, 21,000 miles of railway seems a fair allowance for our little islands. Yet such a length of line is already open for traffic.

The cost of these railways, expressed in mere figures can convey but little to our minds. It is too colossal for anyone to grasp. Let us, therefore, split it up into small units, and look at it more in detail.

Of course the expense of running railways through towns and through rural districts differs greatly, but I have been able, from official sources to ascertain the average cost of all the railways in the British Islands.

If we compare this figure with the cost of the underground railway through the City of London, which was the most costly piece of



The above represents the length of railway lines open for traffic at the end of each of the years mentioned. The double line shows in each case the proportion of double railway track (up and down line) to the total length.

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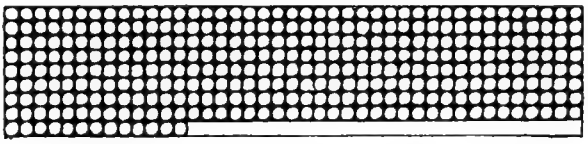
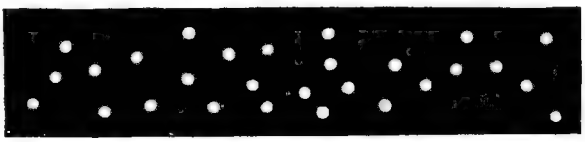


One yard of the Underg.ound Railway through the City of London. It shows how the money it cost would have sufficed to cover it with eight rows of golden sovereigns, and still have left over some £21,000 for every mile.

A golden yard of the Underground.

One yard of the average railway in the United Kingdom. It shows the cost to have been 28 sovereigns for every yard.



line ever constructed, we arrive at some interesting contrasts.

Six hundred thousand pounds a mile, the cost of the underground, is not a very instructive figure. What it amounts to, however, is that every yard of the line cost 341 golden sovereigns. That means, as shown in our illustration, that, if the whole length were paved with eight rows of sovereigns, there would be left over a comfortable fortune of £21,000 for every mile.

The average cost of all the railways is more moderate than this, but even they cost £28 for every yard.

Of course, the capital of all the companies cannot be said to represent the payment to them of a like amount of cash, as, by various feats of financial juggling, the shares of the companies have been chopped and changed about until the capitals have grown some 12 per cent. larger.

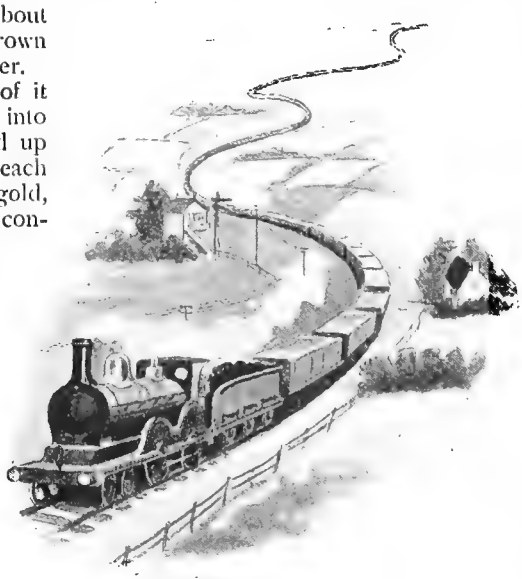
Still, if the whole of it could be converted into gold coins and loaded up on railway trucks, each holding ten tons of gold, the train would have to consist of 858 trucks.

This pile of gold, however, cannot be said unfairly to represent the value of the railways, seeing that they pay dividends to the extent of nearly 4 per cent. on this sum, or, in other words, the lucky shareholders divide 330 tons of gold between them every year.

Our illustration gives another view of these dividends, which are sufficient to pay, every year, a pound to every inhabitant of the United Kingdom—some 40 million souls.

Most of us have probably, now and again, indulged in a grumble because our particular railway company will not run its trains at sixty miles an hour, without stopping, from where we enter to where we alight. When we remember the 330 tons of gold they have to accumulate for their shareholders and see what it means to increase the speed of the train, we may look with more indulgence on the authorities who direct the traffic.

An engine can draw five times as much weight at 20 miles an hour as it can at 60 miles. It is not to be wondered at, then, that railway company directors refuse to run the trains any faster than the long suffering public make them.



It would require a train of 858 trucks, each containing 10 tons of gold, to carry the total capital of the railways if converted into sovereigns.

Whilst we are considering the speed of trains, which is certainly a matter of greater importance in passenger traffic than in the carriage of goods, we may note with interest the number of those who, in 1897, made use of the trains, as compared with those who travelled in 1854, when the first returns were published.

He is a sturdy individual, the typical passenger of 1897, representing,

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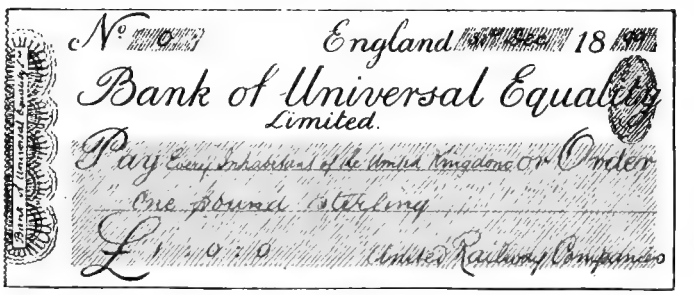
as he does, over 1030 millions. He would have little difficulty in carrying in his hand his prototype of 1854, a mere midget representing only 111 millions.

The season ticket holder is not included, for, once he has paid his money, he is no longer of interest to anyone but himself. This fact is very often brought home to him, but still he is equal to a further increase of about 10 per cent. to the passenger traffic.



A cheque of one pound which might be paid annually to each inhabitant of the United Kingdom out of the dividends of all the railway companies.

A thousand and thirty millions of people! Think of it, or, since most probably you will find this figure beyond your comprehension, let us analyse it a little.

It means almost exactly three times the united populations of Austria, France, Germany, Great Britain, Italy, Russia, and Spain.

As far as Great Britain is concerned, it means just about twenty-six times her entire number of inhabitants, the population of Great Britain being taken at 39,500,000.

If it could possibly be arranged to marshall so gigantic a gathering as the railway passengers of 1897, and range them in rows of fifty and set them to march past a given point, it would take two years all but a few days to complete the procession. This, too, would mean a constant march day and night without pause or intermission.

It is appalling to imagine how long it would take fifty, or even a hundred, booking-clerks to issue tickets to such a multitude.

Let us pause for a moment to glance at the tickets which would have to be issued.

In the first place, seeing as I have already remarked that the 1030 million passengers do not include the long-suffering season-ticket holder, it might be thought that 1030 millions of tickets were issued during the year 1897.

Yet not exactly 1030 millions; for the greater number of the passengers studied economy and availed themselves of the reduction to be obtained by purchasing return tickets.

About two-thirds of the tickets issued may, indeed, be taken as return tickets, so that the actual number of the familiar bits of pasteboard issued to the travelling public may be reckoned as 720 millions.

Laid flat these tickets would cover an area of a little more than 319 acres. Laid end to end they would extend a distance of 25,568 miles 320 yards. They would make

The amount an engine can draw at different speeds.

36 carriages at 20 miles an hour.

20 carriages at 30 miles an hour.

14 carriages at 40 miles an hour.

10 carriages at 50 miles an hour.

7 carriages at 60 miles an hour.

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a band round the globe, and yet have 568 miles over.

When we come to consider the goods traffic which is carried on over our railway system, we are again met by figures which by their very magnitude smother their real meaning.

Can the mind conceive a mass of goods weighing a million tons? Yet our railways in 1897 carried no less than 374 million tons.

To get even a faint idea of what this means let us consider, for the sake of comparison, the goods traffic of 1860 and 1897 side by side, and try to realise what the figures would represent. I give them roughly in millions, for what matters a few thousand or even hundreds of thousands in considering such a total.

In 1860 the railways carried 82 million tons of goods.

In 1897 the railways carried 374 million tons of goods.

Now, if we measure out on a nice, level piece of ground two squares, with sides respectively 1170 feet and 2000 feet, and if we build up on them two great masses of clay, so as to form gigantic cubes, in the one case 1170 feet high, and in the other 2000 feet, we should about represent the goods carried respectively during the two years under consideration.

The giant, representing the passengers of 1897, can hold in his hand the midget representing the passengers of 1854, the height of both figures being in exact proportion.

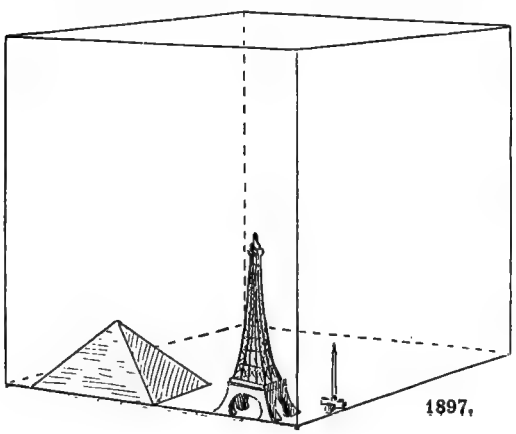
Having made our mud pies, let us compare them with something we have seen or heard of.

First of all let us take the Great Pyramid. It is a fairly large structure, one of the marvels of the world. Many of my readers may probably have seen, and even climbed it, and everyone else will have a tolerable idea of its size from photographs and pictures. The base measures nearly 14 acres in area, the height being 481 feet.

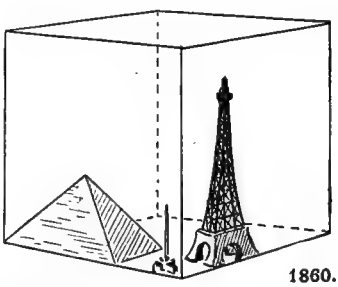
Yet, in spite of that, it is simply lost inside even the smaller cube, much less the larger.

Take the Eiffel Tower as the highest erection raised by man. It is just a thousand feet in height, yet it is a mere pigmy compared with the huge cube.

Finally I have added the Nelson Column. It makes a very sorry exhibition, and is barely noticeable, although it is 173 feet high.



1897.



1860.

Cubes of clay in proportion representing the goods carried by the railways in 1897 and 1860 respectively. The larger cube measures 2000ft. in each direction, and the Great Pyramid, the Eiffel Tower, and Nelson's column are in due proportion.

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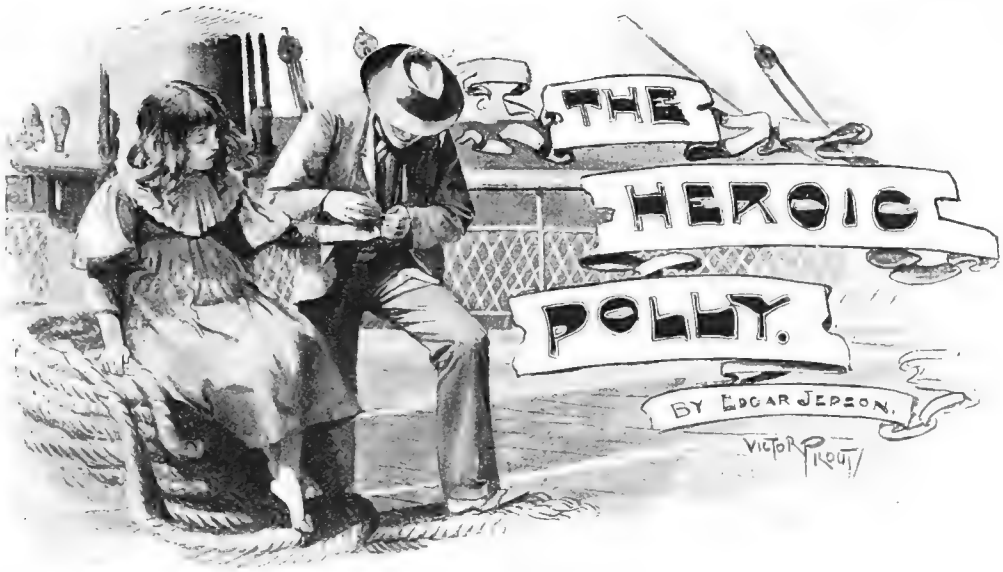

Of all children Polly was the reddest-haired, and the most unfortunate. All lifeless things seemed leagued to work her mischief; the ship for ever lurched to throw her against anything newly tarred or painted; the nail, where no nail should have been, for ever tore her clothes; a slippery deck, or a coil of rope, for ever tripped her, that she might fall with her hand on a splinter. She was unfortunate, moreover, in her mother, who had died by accident; in her father, an Irishman, an unlucky digger, and a drunkard; and in her upbringing, the rough training of the mining camp, where courage was the only virtue, straight-shooting the only accomplishment; beyond any girl-child ever born she possessed both. Man, indeed, tried to make amends to her for outrageous fortune; Jack had grown expert in removing paint and tar from human skin; I had grown expert in extracting splinters from her hands; the Captain had learned to plaster her scratches better than any doctor; and never did the ship sail over an easy sea but one of an idle watch was mending a rent in Polly's frock.

Now, on the *Golden Hope*, that cruise, we all of us needed all our luck. There was nothing wrong with the ship, indeed, a clipper, and good for fifteen knots on a fair wind. But she was shorthanded, and manned at that with the scum of the seaports, for with the fire of the gold-fever in his veins what man would stick to seafaring who could buy a pick? Worse still, she carried gold-dust; Jack and I had a hundred thousand dollars apiece in notes; and when we came to breakfast the first morning—we had gone aboard in the dark—we found James Withstraw sitting at the table. Of all the gamblers on the Pacific slope Thin Jim, as they called him, for his thin face, thin hands, and thin body had the worst name. There, where you killed your enemy as you could, with warning or without, the feeling among the hardest men was that at play, at shooting, or with the knife James Withstraw never gave his man a chance; and we knew that he was on the *Golden Hope* for the gold. We took his presence coolly enough, we had been in tight places before; but when we went on deck we skinned our eyes, and a sorry sight met them. The crew were rascals plain enough, and among the broken diggers lounging on the fore-deck we recognised three of the hardest men of Bloody Gulch, where we had first met James Withstraw.

We looked at one another, and I saw Jack's jaw set: "Thin Jim holds both bowers," he said.

We had held the dust once or twice at the price of men's lives, and it seemed that we might have to hold the notes at the same price. Then Polly came dancing down the deck with her blue eyes alight, and her face like a white flower; and we forgot Thin Jim, and the dollars, and our throats. Before night we had squared her father, and the Captain; and Polly, instead of berthing for'ard with that digger crowd, was a cabin passenger, with a state-room of her own.

The days wore on; the *Golden Hope* ploughed through a level sea; we yarned, and

Google

gambled with the officers; we played with Polly, we talked with Polly, and we comforted Polly in her many afflictions; we were as civil to Thin Jim as we could bring ourselves to be; but night and day we watched continually. He never showed his hand. He talked to the crew and the diggers no more than Jack and I; and for anything their faces told, as they talked, they might have been speaking of albatrosses. Then came Polly's luck, and it was battle, and murder, and sudden death.

We were gambling on the quarter-deck, Thin Jim, Jack, and I. The *Golden Hope* met one of those waves from nowhere one meets in mid-ocean, pitched, and lurched. Polly, who had just come aft, lost her footing rolled down the sloping deck; upset the empty barrel that served us for card-table, and scattered the cards in a fluttering shower.

Withstraw snatched her to her feet, and as his face went white with uncontrollable passion, dealt her two or three cruel slaps with his long, thin hand before I could catch her from him, and send him and his chair flying with my foot. He crashed into the scuppers, was on his feet in a trice, whipped out his knife, and leapt at me. Cumbered with the child, I stood a poor chance; but Jack's sharp "Hands up!" and ready revolver stopped him short; and he stood pouring forth a stream of vile cursing at the three of us, in a tremble of raging helplessness.

"Hold your tongue!" cried Jack, and his tone brought silence; and while I soothed poor little Polly, on whose white cheeks the brute's fingers had branded themselves in vivid scarlet, Thin Jim got his rage under control, and slowly sheathed his knife. The child quivered and shook with the violence of her effort to check her streaming tears; for, for all her frail air, Polly was of the temper of wrought steel. But the stinging, burning pain would not be denied, and forced the tears from her eyes, and the sobs from her throat.

Withstraw came forward, mumbling excuses, smiling suavely; but his shifty eyes still shone with an ugly light, and his thin lips were atwitch.

"Git!" I said in a snarl, and lifted Polly in my arms, with her face against my shoulder, for I thought that the shame at being seen by us to cry might be hurting her more than the slaps. The convulsive quivering ceased; and in the comforting darkness the sobs came unchecked, the tears flowed in relieving freedom.

Jack picked up the cards slowly, righted the barrel, and began a long yarn about the doings of some road agents; I kept asking him questions to get it clearer. Thin Jim had gone forward; the sobs came fainter and fainter. Presently they fell quiet. Polly slipped out of my arms on to the deck, shook her red curls over her tear-stained face to hide it, and sat down with her elbows on her knees, her face resting on her hands, the posture she seemed to find most easy for talking. She was silent awhile, and we waited on her pleasure; then she began in her gentle, drawling voice that always rang as pleasant as soft music, "I'm durned sorry I spoiled yer game, boys. I couldn't help it, though, could I?"

"Of course, you couldn't; don't you trouble about it," said Jack cheerfully.

"All the same, that Thin Jim is a mean skunk; and ef I'd had a gun, I'd hev wiped him out for sure." I saw her eyes flash through the veil of her hair; and I believed it.

"I wish you had," said Jack, "I guess we shouldn't have worn mourning long."

"Why didn't you drop him in his tracks? You had him covered," she said.

"Well, you see, he hadn't a gun," said Jack.

"You Britishers are too durned high-falutin'; waitin' for Thin Jim to get out his gun!" said Polly, with measured scorn.

"Britisher yourself!" said Jack. "At any rate, Frank tickled his scalp in the scuppers."

"Yes; an' first chance he'll plug Frank through the back of his head. I'll hev to luk after him myself, I guess; and anyhow I've got to get even with the mean skunk," said Polly, and her eyes flashed again.

"Good luck to your shooting then," said Jack.

Eight bells struck; I picked up Polly and carried her down to the door of her cabin. She was quick bathing her face and arranging her hair; and when Thin Jim came down, black and sulky, she was sitting at the table, and greeted him with a scowl. In the middle of helping the soup, the Captain stopped short and said:

"Why—what in thunder is that red mark on the child's face?"

Polly's face flushed all one scarlet; and Thin Jim said, quickly and suavely:

"Polly was very clumsy, and I corrected her. I'm afraid I was rather severe. The fact is I lost my temper."

The Captain, too, was short tempered, and the less likely to excuse it in another man. Besides, though he never petted the child, I

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Jack's sharp "Hands up!" and ready revolver stopped him short.

had seen that he had a quick eye for her wants at table, and that the tit-bits were always on Polly's plate. He burst out, "Temper be——," caught himself up for the child—"I'll have no such doings on my ship; I'll have none of your 'longshore tricks here, no knocking children about here! Who the ——"—he caught himself up again—"who are you, sir, to go correcting my passengers? You'll get corrected yourself with a vengeance if I've any more of it!"

"I didn't pay for a cabin passage to travel with a digger's brat," snarled Withstraw.

"If you give me any of your insolence you'll travel in irons, as sure as my name's John Trail!" roared the Captain.

Withstraw swallowed his rage. Polly gazed at his discomfited air smiling like an angel, and said with gentle dignity, "Don't you trouble about me, Captain; I guess I kin play a lone hand all right."

"You eat your soup, missy, or I'll have you put in irons next," said the Captain, gruffly.

Polly was silent; Withstraw sulked; Jack talked to the Captain and the first mate fit-

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fully; the storm still hung on the air. As soon as dinner came to an end, Withstraw and the mate went on deck; and presently Polly, who seemed gloomy, stole away after them.

"I don't like that man," said the Captain.

"You'll like him less before you've done with him," I said.

"There's something wrong somewhere, and I shouldn't wonder if he's at the bottom of it. There's too much whispering in corners on this ship for me," said the captain.

Jack told him briefly what we suspected; it was the first time that he had given us a reason.

"Well," he said at the end, "they'll do nothing this side of the continent. Ships have to be sailed."

The three of us settled down to poker. The wind had fallen very light, the sun blazed down, and the silence on the deck was only broken now and again by a creaking of the yards. We had played for an hour, stopping at whiles to yarn, when there came a pattering down the companion-ladder, and Polly burst into the cabin. It was so foreign to her usual leisurely fashion of moving that we stopped playing to look at her. She leaned back against the door panting; her white face could not pale, but I saw that her scarlet lips were a faint pink; and she gasped out, "Boys—they're—goin' ter cut yer throats—you'll hev to be smart!"

Jack and I were on our feet, with our revolvers cocked, before she had finished.

"Steady, gentlemen! steady, please!" said the captain, quietly. "Tell us all about it. Polly."

"I was goin' right for'ard," she began, still panting. "I wanted ter think et right out. As I was goin' past the fo'c'sle, I heard Thin Jim talkin'—an' I stopped to hear what he mout be doin' down thar. He was speakin' low at first, an' then he says quite loud, 'You understand then, you'll all be on deck at four bells—an' at the first stroke you'll rush aft, an' shoot straight. I'll take the Captain myself.'"

The Captain rose very slowly, took a revolver from a locker, and put it in his pocket; and then said:

"Now, gentlemen, this is serious. But we've got an hour. There's us three, and the two mates. We want more. The carpenter's a good man: he's sailed with me before. The bo's'n and the hands I won't answer for; but three or four of those digger men are all right. That's nine, at any rate—"

"And me," said Polly.

"You'll stay in this cabin, whatever happens," I said, firmly.

"I won't—I won't!" cried Polly, in sudden heat of passion.

"Yes, you will, Missy!" said the Captain, sharply; and Polly's anger faded to woebegone misery.

"But the difficulty is to get together," said the Captain. "Come on deck gentlemen, and let us see how it is to be done."

We went on deck, and looked forward. The ship was very quiet—the watch were in the bows; three of the diggers, Polly's father among them, were playing cards in the waist; and the two mates were looking over their game. Thin Jim was nowhere to be seen. The captain thought for a while, and then said quickly, "I have it! Pass the word for'ard for the carpenter, Mr. Thomas!" he bawled to the second mate.

When the carpenter came, he said, "I want you to rig me up an awning, Mr. Wilson. Hi! you digger men, will you lend a hand here for a bottle of rum? I'm short handed; and this is a landsman's job."

The carpenter went forward for his tools; the three diggers put up their cards and sauntered aft, and the two mates followed them. The men in the bows took no notice, and two of them helped the carpenter bring his tool-chest aft. When they had set it down, and gone for'ard, the captain stopped talking about the awning, and said, "Now, my lads, we're in a hole. Do you want your throats cutting?"

"Not me, begorra," said Polly's father.

"I thought there'd be trouble, when I seed Thin Jim aboard," said the second digger. The third whistled softly.

"Well, they're going to be cut at four bells," said the Captain; "and it'll take all you can do to stop it. Are your revolvers loaded?"

They nodded.

"Well, you'd better reload them. Most likely some one has spoiled the cartridges. Can you load revolvers, missy?" said the Captain, turning to Polly.

"Yes," said Polly.

"Then, go down and get a box of cartridges, and we'll hand the revolvers to you one at a time. It won't do to let any one for'ard see what we're about. You, Mr. Wrain, go down and get yourself a revolver, and bring up one for Mr. Wilson, loaded, mind; and the rest of you set about this awning job as though you hadn't a thought else on your mind. If there's any surprising to be done, we'll do it ourselves. See?"

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The Captain was as brisk and cheerful as if he were arranging a picnic. Polly went eagerly below; Wrain followed her; the diggers fell to work gaily; they had had too rough a time of it to be taken aback at the thought of a little shooting. The mates and carpenter were given revolvers, and those of the diggers were reloaded. The minutes dragged on very slowly.

After three bells struck the men began to come on deck from the fo'c'sle; they did not seem to have any spirit to talk, and wore an uneasy air. At about ten minutes to the four bells I took Polly below, almost by force, and, as soon as the cabin door was shut, she broke down, and began to cry, wailing softly:

"You might let me stay on deck, oh, you might! I guess I could wipe out one or two of them, I could!"

"Now Polly," I said, soothingly, "we all know you're as brave as a lion. But you can't take a hand in this game. We should all be looking after you instead of shooting straight; don't you see?"

"Boys—they're goin' ter cut yer throats—you'll hev to be smart."

Polly refused to be comforted. She sat down, laid her arms on the table, her head in her arms, and sobbed:

"Yes, I see thet. You needn't; but you would, and it's durned hard, it is."

Then a horrid thought flashed on me; if we failed; and the child were left to those scoundrelly blackguards.

"My God!" I muttered, and my voice caught.

"Look here, Polly!" I said, "here's my knife. Now, if we go under, we shan't be able to see to you. So, promise me, that when they start breaking in the door, you'll drive it into your left side, just where your heart beats. You must, dear."

The child raised a piteous face, and tried hard to set her quivering lips.

"I will," she said; "I will, honour. But—I hed rather take it fighting—with you."

"We ain't dead yet, dear," I said, as cheerfully as I might. "Give me a kiss for luck."

I bent down; she threw her arms round my neck, and pressed her lips to mine; then let me go, and buried her face in her hands, her thumbs thrust into her ears.

I slipped out, locked the door, and put the key in my pocket; only a locked door could have kept Polly from the fight.

When I came on deck, I became aware that a strange hush had fallen on the ship, and that I alone perceived it; the others, their minds tense with waiting, did not notice it. They had fallen motionless too—the men round the carpenter in strained attitudes at their work, the mutineers gathered in the waist in strained attitudes of affected ease. In another moment they might have seen it and been warned, when I made a poor joke in a loud voice, and eased the strain. There was a dry, husky laugh on the quarter-deck, and I saw a relaxing ripple run through the crowd in the waist. Then the silence fell heavy again, and we moved into two groups, one on either side of the companion-way. For the last minute or two the silence was like a grip round the body.

"Four bells, Mr. Byles!" the captain called to the bo's'n, who was taking the watch; and one of the hands stepped to the bell. I swear I heard his bare feet fall on the deck; there came a faint clicking of cocking revolvers.

At the first stroke, heartening themselves with a screeching yell, the mutineers rushed aft; but of the fight I know little. I remember emptying my revolver as fast as I could into the thick of them; seeing men drop, and

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the rush waver; knowing somehow that on the other side Thin Jim had shot the Captain, and driven the true men back; finding myself in the centre of the quarter-deck in the midst of a tumbling, cursing, shooting, stabbing crowd. Then came a blinding flash that split into all the stars that ever shone, and I went down, clubbed.

I was next aware of a voice coming very faintly, as it seemed, from miles away:

"Give him another bucketful or two, boys," it said.

I was aware, faintly, that some one was drenching me with water, then, of a sudden, I came to all my senses. My head ached that I could scarce open my eyes, and when I did, the dazzle of sunlight closed them with a fresh, racking pang. As it passed, I opened them again, and saw Thin Jim sitting on a chair facing me; Jack lay on one side of it, face downward, in a pool of blood the carpenter's axe clenched in his hand. Further away lay a huddle of corpses.

"Oh, ho, my fine English gentleman, you're, alive again, are you. Just pass a rope round him, boys; he might run away," said Thin Jim, with a sneering chuckle, and I saw that he was in a bitter rage, and cold after the fight.

I lay propped up against the bulwarks; and two of the hands heaved me up, ran a rope round me under the arms, and bound me standing to the shrouds. With myself and Thin Jim they seemed the only living men on the *Golden Hope*.

"Now, my friend," he said, when they had done, "I'm going to pay my just debts. I'm going to teach you not to be so handy kicking over a gentleman in his chair. I should hev been content to wipe you out nicely with a bullet or a knife, but you and your pard hev spoiled my game, and I'm going to flog you first, and hang you afterwards. I'll cut you to ribands! thin, narrow ribands!" He shrieked it out in a sudden frenzy, fell quiet again, and went on. "Twist him round, boys, and let him view the fine marine scenery while we lick the life out of him."

As they stepped, grinning, to my side, I saw, over his shoulder, Polly's head come out of the cabin skylight on the further side; and as they loosened the rope I stopped breathing, to watch her writhe and twist her body through it.

All their backs were turned to her. She twisted out, and slipped softly on to the deck. Then she clambered back on to the skylight with a revolver in her hand, rose on the edge, poised herself on firm feet, and her wild eyes went steady as she levelled the revolver.

"Crack!" and the man on my right spun round and pitched forward. "Crack!" and the man on my left dropped in a gurgling heap. The barrel came to the level of Thin Jim, and then came Polly's luck. The trigger fell with an empty click — the other chambers had been discharged.

She buried her face in her hands.

Thin Jim sprang on to the skylight. the child leaped down and fled. He was too quick for her, caught her by the hair, shook her like a rat, dragged her along struggling with all her might, and sat down in his chair, panting and trembling; the last peril had shattered his strained nerves. I had always sized the man up for a coward.

"So, so ——" he began, in an uneven voice, "So, so—I'll—I'll—I'll stop your mischief

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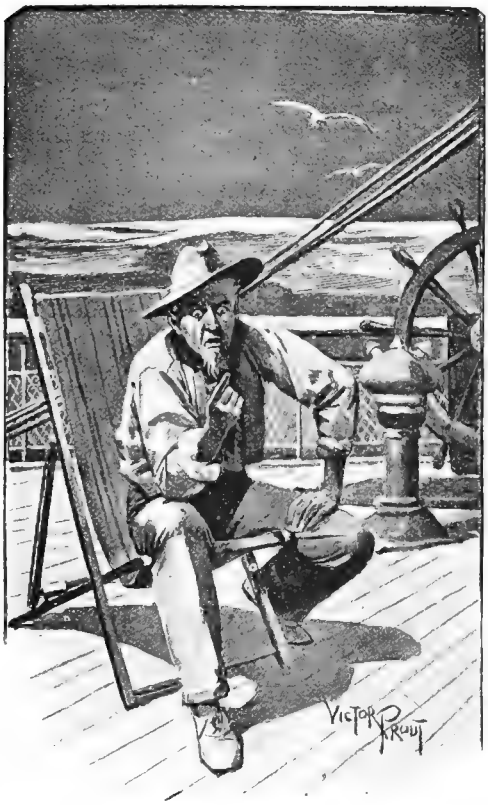
first anyhow, you little beast!" He broke into a curious, quavering laugh that rose to a scream, for all the world like a hysteric girl; and I saw a very drunkenness of cruelty come upon the man. He ripped out his knife, thrust the child between his knees, forced her down till the back of her head lay right across his thigh, and I could see the line on her throat where the whiter skin had been shielded by her frock from the sun.

"Quiet, little beast! Quiet!" he cried, as she struggled with furious, desperate eyes; then to me, "Look, my fine gentleman, look!" And with a madman's grin he raised the knife. I roared at him, straining with cracking muscles at the rope. Then I shut my eyes; I couldn't bear to see, and tried to shut my ears not to hear the child's scream. An age seemed to pass, and the scream did not come. There was a dead stillness. I could not endure the suspense, and I opened my eyes. Thin Jim and Polly had not stirred; but his eyes were turned from the child over her head, and he was staring in a frozen, spell-bound fascination at the muzzle of a revolver which Jack, propped on his elbow, held towards him.



I saw Thin Jim sitting in a chair facing me.

Jack's face was the face of a man at his last gasp. The revolver wavered and waggled in his nerveless grip; but even as I looked, with a supreme effort he held it steady an instant. There was a spurtle of flame, a ringing crack, and Thin Jim toppled over, dragging Polly with him.

"My pile ——— Polly," muttered Jack, and he fell back. A minute later I was free, holding Polly in my arms, hugging her, kissing her, sobbing and laughing in the extreme reaction from my horror—she and I the only survivors of the luckless crew of the *Golden Hope*.

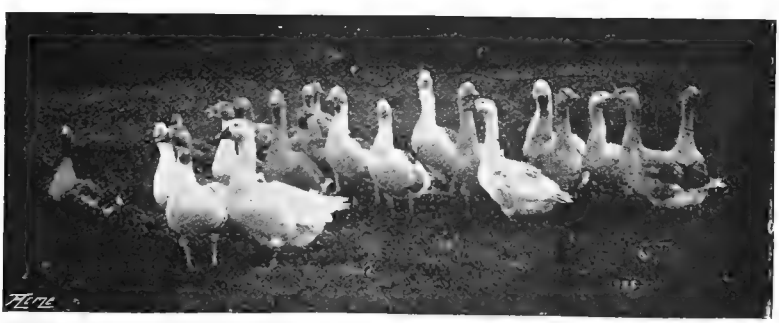


Photo by C. Reid Wishaw

"Who said Michaelmas!"

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LADY RANDOLPH CHURCHILL.

You don't mind my finishing my letter?

Let me think. You want to see the new quarterly?

You know I've refused every request for an interview except yours.

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I believe the *Anglo-Saxon* will prove a big success.

Of course it is an innovation charging so high a price.

But if it's as good for a guinea as the ROYAL is for threepence, I'm sure it will succeed.

Pets? Oh, yes. But I think these two little black pugs are my favourites. Aren't they quaint little chaps?

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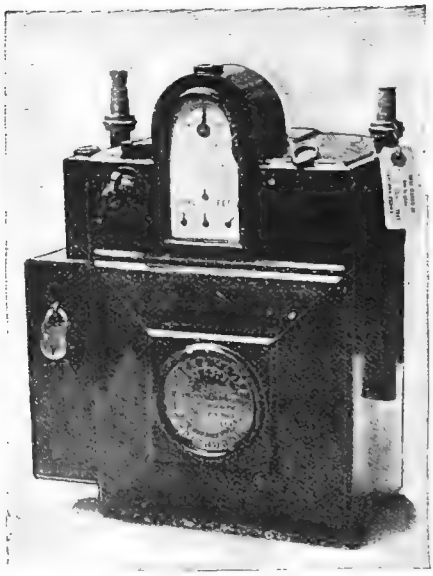
PENNY-WORTHS OF GAS.

By Canning Williams.

The inventor of the first "penny-in-the-slot" machine could scarcely have imagined that his ingenious idea would be applied to gas meters, and that he would thus be the indirect means of not only adding to the comfort of thousands of homes in this and other countries, but also of assisting many gas-works to hold their ground in face of the competition of "the light of the future," as electricians proudly term their illuminant.

It was in the year 1888 that the first penny-in-the-slot gas meter—invented by a Mr. Brownhill, of Walsall—was introduced, but it was not until five or six years had passed, during which many improvements had been made on the original invention, that the idea of selling gas by the pennyworth was favoured by those in authority in the gas world.

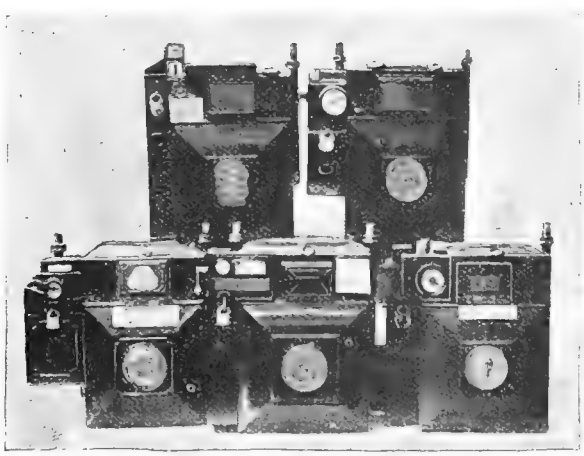
That the "prepayment" gas meter, as it is termed by "the trade," meets a want among the large section of the public who buy by the pennyworth is evident from the fact that in London alone there are now over 200,000 of the meters in use. Indeed, there is scarcely a gas undertaking of note in the United Kingdom that has not adopted, or is not about to adopt, the "prepayment system," and thereby increase the number of its consumers, and consequently augment its sale of gas and resultant profits.



A penny-in-the-slot meter.

The following interesting details, furnished in October, 1897, by the chief engineer of one of the London gas companies, give an idea of the magnitude of the "penny-in-the-slot" gas business in his company's district:

"The introduction of meters on this principle has been attended by results that verge on the marvellous, as much as ten tons' weight in coppers having been removed from them in one collection. The effect of the almighty penny on the company's revenue may be gathered from the fact that these consumers number 61,000, and that the average takings from each are £3 a year. Prior to the introduction of the coin-meter, Sunday was an extremely slack day for gas, but now the demand between twelve and two o'clock, when thousands of dinners are being cooked in the gas stoves, is enormous — so great, in fact, that at times it has been a problem to get sufficient gas through the mains to



A group of "penny-slots."

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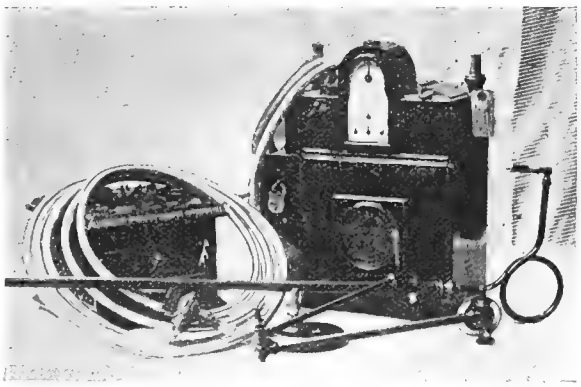
meet the demands of the exigent housewives who are superintending the baking of the family joint. There has been at times an actual dearth of copper money in South London, owing to the fact that a sum of £10,000 in pennies has been locked up in the company's gas-meters."



The outfit supplied free of charge by the Gas Company.

It is not intended, however, to write an essay on the general question of prepayment gas supply, but to give a few details, illustrated with photographs specially taken for this article, of how the system is worked in the town in which the writer resides (and which for present purposes he will name "Gaston"), together with one or two little matters of human interest arising out of the arrangement, which he has been able to glean.

First of all, then, let it be stated that the "penny-slots" (as the consumers style them) were introduced into "Gaston" in the year 1894, and at once became popular. In fact, so rapidly did the orders pour in during the first year that the gas company's staff of fitters found themselves unable to keep abreast of the demand. At the present time there are over a thousand of the meters doing yeoman service for the company. This number is equal to a steady gain of four meters a week during five years, which, in a comparatively small town, already well supplied with gas, is a satisfactory record, and speaks volumes for the practical utility of the appliance.

The pre-payment collector and his assistant doing their daily round.

The applicant for a "penny slot," after going through the preliminary form signing at the gas office, is supplied with a meter and fittings, which latter generally comprise a pendant, a bracket, and a breakfast "griller," with the necessary connections, &c. (*See* photograph).

These things are provided and fixed by the Company "free of charge," but remain their property. The consumer, therefore, is put to no expense until he drops his first penny in the slot. But, as this is a world in which one rarely gets anything worth having without paying for it in one way or another, an extra charge is made for the gas supplied to prepayment consumers. This extra charge, amounting at "Gaston" to eightpence per thousand cubic feet, and varying throughout the country from about sixpence to a shilling per thousand, is for the hire of the appliances, and to meet the cost of collection, which is relatively higher under this system than under the ordinary method of credit accounts.

In other words, whereas the "quarterly" consumer at "Gaston" gets his gas at the rate of thirty-one feet for a penny, the buyer of pennyworths of that commodity obtains twenty-five feet.

But what, it may be asked, is twenty-five cubic feet of gas? A simple reply is that it is sufficient to supply one ordinary light for about five hours.

The next illustration is a snap-shot of the prepayment collector and his assistant, who visit the "copper mines" once in six weeks. The assistant carries a stout leather bag for the reception of the coins, and the collector is provided with the indispensable book in which he enters the "amount due" and the "amount received," which, be it whispered,

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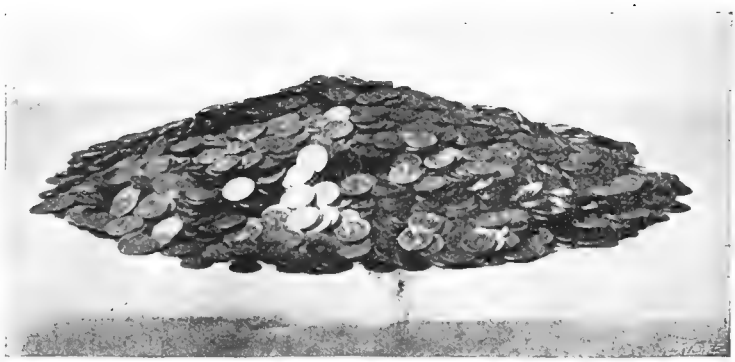
do not always agree, for, alas, the "penny-slot," though a marvel of mechanical skill, is not an absolutely perfect instrument; that is to say, the prepayment part of it, through variations of pressure in the mains and other causes, does not always work in exact harmony with the index which registers the quantity of gas used. The consequence of this is that what are known as "shorts" and "overs" in the cash are of frequent occurrence. The "overs" are returned to the consumers to whom they belong, when there are smiles and satisfaction on both sides; and, in common fairness to the Company, the "shorts" are demanded, when lively dialogues, and remarks uncomplimentary to the meters and their owners ensue. But, after all, the consumers have no just cause for complaint on this score, because it is clearly explained to them, on their making application for the meters, that "both the Company and the consumer are bound by the index reading of the meter, which is under Government test; and any amount which may be placed in the meter over and above the value of the gas registered by the meter, will be refunded by the Company, and any deficiency in the same must be made up by the consumer." Indeed, they sign an agreement in which a clause to this effect is inserted.



A good day's haul.

There are occasions, too, though happily rare, when there is a woful deficit in—or an entire absence of—the cash. Inquiries by the collector usually elicit no explanation—nobody knows anything about it, oh dear no! —and he is forced to conclude that some mysterious evaporation of copper has taken place since his last visit! A warning, and the attachment of a less easily pickable padlock, generally prevent, in an equally mysterious way, further evaporation taking place!

In justice, however, to the great bulk of the consumers, it should be added that these very occasional pilferings are due, as a rule, to the tricks of boys, who deserve nothing so much as a sound thrashing at the hands of their fathers.

The next two illustrations show "a good day's work"—the first being a photo of the coins in the "loose," and the second that of the same "bagged." A hard-working collector empties about eighty meter-boxes of their bronze contents in the course of a day, the sum recorded varying from £10 to £24. The value of the coins depicted is £22 12s. 11d.

"Bagged."

During the year ending 31st March last, £1446 was taken from the meters, and, as a shilling's worth of pence weighs $3\frac{3}{4}$ozs., a simple calculation shows the total weight of the coppers dealt with in the twelve months to be 3 tons 58lbs. If placed in line the pennies would extend for over $6\frac{1}{2}$ miles, and, if piled one on

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Packed and ready—

top of another, would make a column 1700ft. high.

It must not, however, be supposed that the coins are taken to the office in the "loose," for that would entail a great waste of time in the subsequent counting and bagging. To avoid this, the assistant carries a supply of paper bags marked "Copper, 5s.," and every chance of filling one is taken *en route*.

Twice a day during the collection, a load of pennies is brought to the office, and, having been distributed in boxes each holding five pounds' worth, is deposited in the strong room. The boxes thus employed are obtained from a local confectioner, most of them bearing that pleasant but most unofficial-looking word "chocolate." Once or twice a week during the round the boxes of coppers are taken in a cab to the bank (did ever coppers aspire to such an honour?) whence they are again put into circulation.

The prepayment collector, though engaged in this very heavy business, is an exceedingly light-hearted man (as befits a *gas* company's official), and could doubtless entertain an audience, were he so ambitious as to appear before one, with many a good story and incident of his rounds.

He very often makes some curious "finds" in the pence boxes, and as the people in whose meters the articles are found seldom know anything as to how they got there, and consequently do not claim them, he quietly places them in his pocket, and subsequently adds them to his collection, which is rapidly assuming considerable proportions.

The probable explanation of these singular discoveries is that a quantity of pence in a gas meter has some strange affinity for "washers," "tallies," discs of tin, French pennies, and other things, and draws them into itself in the dead of the night when nobody is about to observe the process! Here, again, fairness demands that it should be said that the presence of these "foreign" substances is sometimes honestly accounted for by the consumers who have made use of them, the cause not unfrequently being the want of a penny at the time when the substitute was used. The handsome coin in the centre of the group in the photograph is a bronze one, dated 1763, and hails, the writer is informed, from a Russian province. It may even possess greater value than it was thought to have had when it was "attracted" into the meter in which it was found.

The meters, too, are occasionally used as savings' banks by persons who fear to trust themselves with money not immediately required lest it should burn a hole in their pockets, and be found wanting when rent-day or the proverbial "rainy day" arrived. Quite recently the collector found no less a sum than £1 18s. 8d. so "banked." It was made up of a sovereign, a half-sovereign, shillings, sixpences, threepenny-bits, and half-pennies, coins which, through being smaller than a penny, slipped through the slot, and fell into the coin-box without affecting the prepayment part of the

to be taken to the Bank.

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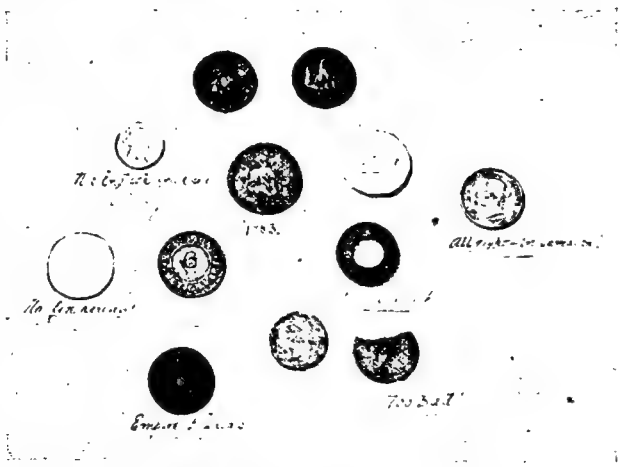
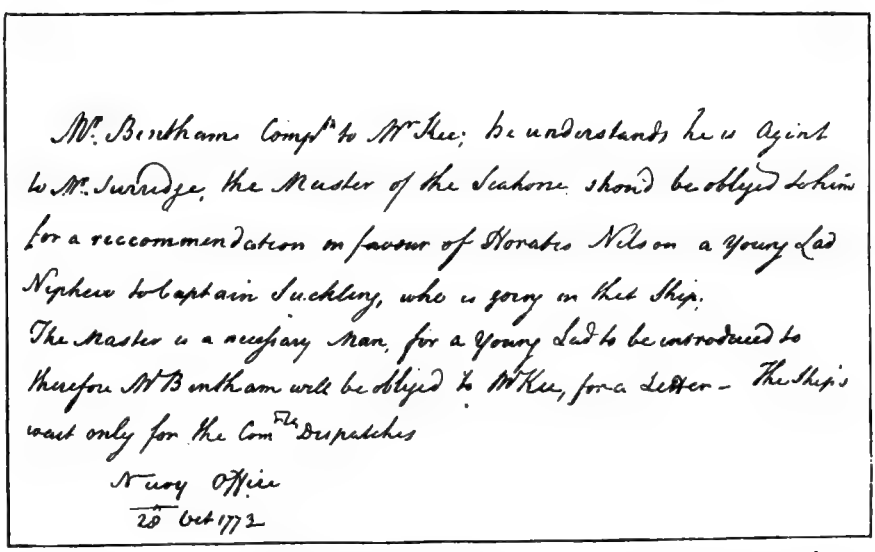
mechanism. "Deposits" of florins and shillings—contributions towards the rent, the doctor's bill, "club-money," &c.,—are frequently discovered, and in these cases without exception, strange to say, the fact of their being there *is* known to the owners of them!

That the meters can be put to uses other than those for which they are intended is also shown in the following happy idea. The proprietor of a private hotel at "Gaston," who possesses a billiard-room, determined to utilise a pre-payment meter as a means of obtaining subscriptions to his gas bill, which had been largely increased by the users of the balls and cues. A notice now appears in the billiard room to the effect that those players who use the billiard-table at night must keep the penny-in-the-slot meter provided with the necessary stimulus to its proper working. By this novel arrangement, the billiard-room is not only self-supporting in the matter of light, and the players free from the landlord's anxious references to his gas bill, but also actually affords a profit of about 20 per cent., which goes towards reducing the cost of lighting the rest of the hotel. *Verb. sap.*



A few of the "foreign" substances that get "attracted" into the meters.

THE "YOUNG LAD" NELSON.



Mr. Bentham Compts to Mr Kee; he understands he is Agent to Mr Surridge, the Master of the Seahorse, should be obliged to him for a recommendation in favour of Horatio Nelson a Young Lad Nephew to Captain Suckling, who is going in that Ship. The Master is a necessary Man, for a Young Lad to be introduced to therefore Mr Bentham will be obliged to Mr Kee, for a Letter - The Ship's wanted only for the Com[d]s Dispatches

Navy Office
29 Oct 1772

Facsimile of a note addressed to Mr. Kee, a Navy Agent, asking for a letter of introduction for the future hero of Trafalgar.

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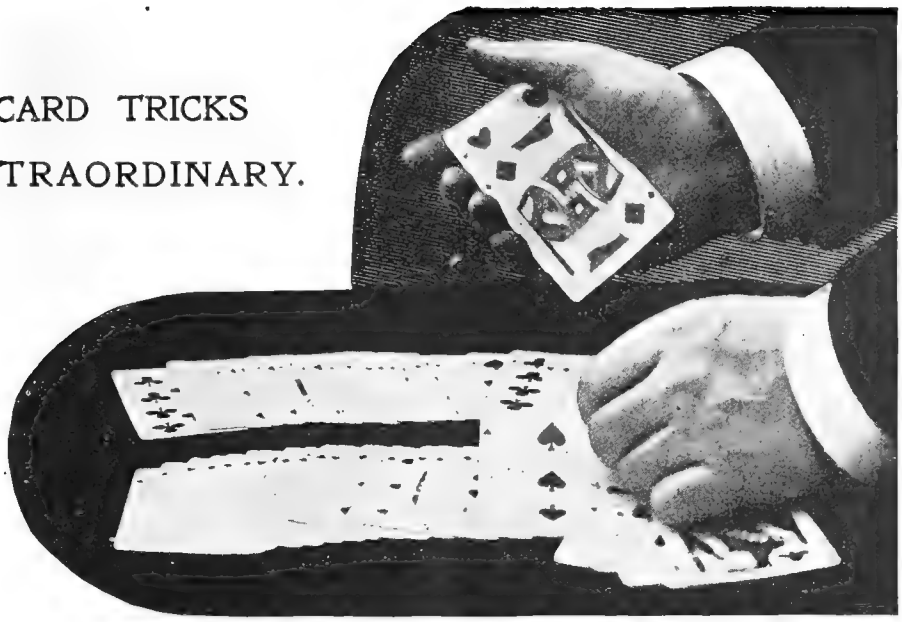
CARD TRICKS EXTRAORDINARY.



The best way to pick up the cards.

By Ellsworth Douglass.

Illustrated with Explanatory Photographs by C. Arthur Pearson Ltd.

I propose here to describe a family of thirteen tricks which I have worked out, and to explain the relation which exists between the various tricks, and the mysteriously simple formula which renders them possible. I am no professional conjurer or disciple of legerdemain, but I have privately performed these tricks in the drawing-rooms of friends all over America, in England, Mexico, Cuba, and France, and they have never failed to mystify, and have never been quite accurately guessed. Yet when you have learned their secret they are all very simple, and can be performed by anyone after half an hour of study and a few hours' practice.

The series of tricks depends upon a pre-arrangement of the pack, which, if the company at first suspects, it soon puts aside as untenable when it sees the cards apparently shuffled and successively cut dozens of times. Below is the secret key which unlocks all their mysteries. Memorise it thoroughly; make yourself so familiar with its words that they will instantly suggest to you the corresponding cards :—

EIGHT	KINGS	THREA-	TENED	TO	SELL	NINE	FAIR	LADIES	FOR	ONE	SICK	KNAVE.
8	king	3	10	2	7	9	5	queen	4	1	6	knave.

I found this formula of the magic thirteen in an old book on the black art long ago, and with it was given the sixth trick herein mentioned. The other tricks are my own invention, but are all based on this formula. Be able to begin in it anywhere and run through to the end. Most of the words are identical with the cards they stand for—"sick" is almost six, and "for" lacks but little of four. The least easy is "sell," which by its two first letters suggests seven; and "fair," which by its first letter and number of letters suggests five.

This formula helps you to remember the thirteen cards, for there are only four suits of the same thirteen cards in a pack. You must also remember that the suits follow each other uniformly in this order: Hearts, diamonds, spades, clubs. That is, the two reds first, and then the two blacks.

First get a pack of cards and spread them out on a table in two or three lines, faces up, and with all their indexes showing, as in the first photograph. This is only for convenience in finding the cards to arrange the pack. Pick them up, placing them one upon another in your hand as follows, bearing in mind your magic formula and the sequence of suits:

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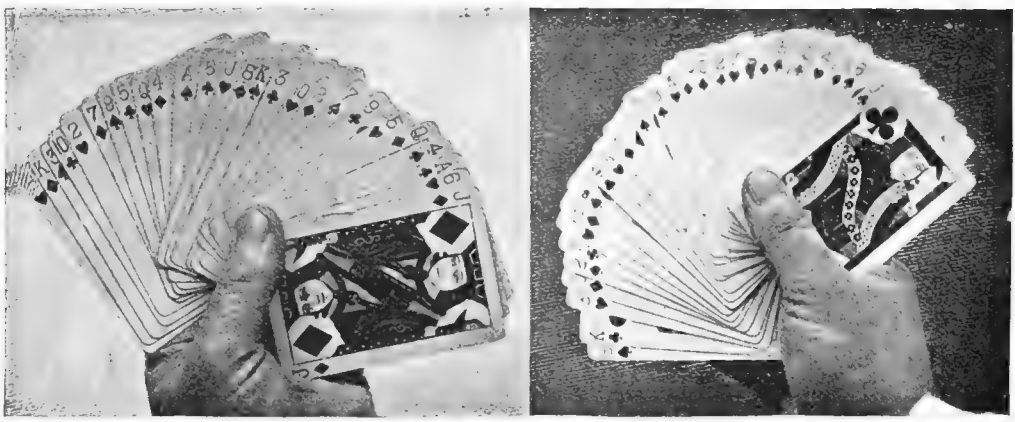
Eight of hearts, king of diamonds, three of spades, ten of clubs, two of hearts, seven of diamonds, nine of spades, five of clubs, queen of hearts, four of diamonds, ace of spades, six of clubs, and knave of hearts. This gives you an arrangement the same as the first thirteen cards held in the left hand in our second illustration. Continue to arrange the remainder of the pack as shown in these photographs, and then you will have organised the cards into a well-trained regiment which will obey your every command, provided you keep faith with it and merely cut, but never actually shuffle it. You may cut a hundred times and the cards still keep this order, a fact the public never suspects, and usually refuses to believe, even when it is explained.

For practice try telling the top card after a cut. Strike the top card of the lower portion with the part cut off, saying, "I can tell you what that card is." Meantime you have seen the bottom card of the part cut off. In our photograph it is the three of diamonds. Run through the formula mentally—eight kings threa-tened; this being the three, it is sure that a ten will follow it, and lie on top of the lower portion. A spade must follow a diamond; therefore you know it is the ten of spades. Look and see; if it is not so, you have not arranged the pack correctly, or you have inadvertently shuffled a little, instead of merely cutting. Practice this interpretation of the formula and suit-order after different cuttings, till you are quite apt at naming each successive card.

Now to perform the tricks. Of course, your pack has been prepared and tested in secret, and you will have placed it where it is usually kept, instead of having it in your pocket. When you bring it out, cultivate the habit of cutting it in your hands successively while you are talking. This allays suspicion of preliminary arrangement.

I.—TO SECURE ALL THE TRUMPS IN WHIST.

Ask a friend to cut you a trump for whist. Show it to all the company, taking noticeable care not to look at it yourself. As you need to see the bottom card for most of the other tricks, it is well to be scrupulous about it this time, and thus dispel suspicion. Explain that, since four play at whist, the dealer receives every fourth card. You must not actually deal, but count off from the top four cards, keeping them in the order that they were, and pushing them together like a trick in whist; you show the company the bottom or fourth card—it must be a trump. Put the four on the bottom of the pack, and count off the top another four in the same way, and every fourth card must be a trump, because every fourth card is the same suit as the bottom card. This trick does itself, quite independent of your efforts, and if a new trump is cut, still every fourth card down from the top will be one of the new trumps, which cannot fail to puzzle the oldest whist player. Pass quickly from one trick to another, to forestall speculation as to how they are done.



The order in which the pack should be arranged, reading from left to right to left.

II.—TO GIVE EACH OF YOUR OPPONENTS AT POKER FOUR OF A KIND, AND YET RESERVE FOUR ACES FOR YOURSELF.

It is well to say you learned this in America, and it is the only thing you ever learned about poker which did not cost you dearly.

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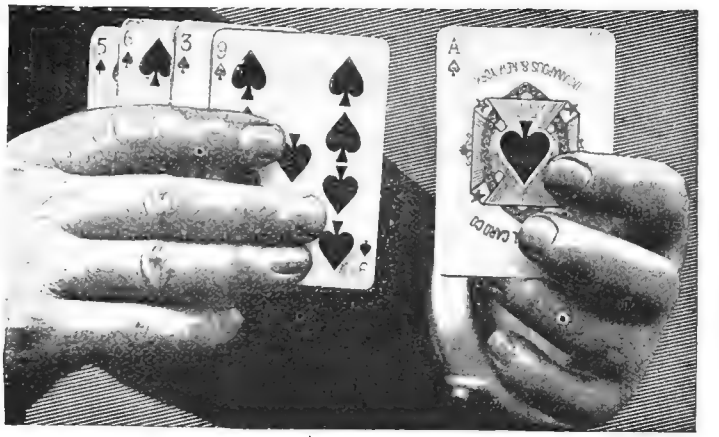

Dealing thirteen trumps to yourself at whist.

Cut the pack successively until you see an eight or a king come at the bottom. Then look through the middle of the pack, by running the index edges quickly under your thumb until you find the same card (which must be exactly in the middle); then half way from the bottom to the middle you find the same card again, and likewise the fourth halfway from the top to the middle. The pack is now divided exactly into four quarters with an eight on the bottom of each. You show the four eights, and say that anybody could hunt up four eights, but it is rather strange that next under the eights will be found four knaves. To show these, take the bottom eight and place it on the top of the pack and push down each other eight in the place where it is. Treat the knaves in the same way and you reveal four sixes next below. In like manner after the sixes will be found the four aces which you have reserved for yourself. The illustration shows the aces just below the sixes. If you began with kings instead of eights the aces would come one hand farther on, but they will always be after the sixes, because of the formula "one sick knave."

Two most excellent poker hands.

If you have correctly handled the cards, putting the bottom one on top each time and pushing the others down in their places in the pack, instead of taking them out and misplacing them, you can proceed with the next tricks without any re-arrangement.

III.—AFTER CUTTING, TO NAME THE TENTH, TWELFTH, TWENTIETH OR ANY OTHER CARD, SIMPLY BY LOOKING AT THE EDGE OF THE PACK.

Cut several times, catching sight of the bottom card after the last cut. Grasp the pack firmly in one hand and offer to name any card mentioned by the company. If the sixth is demanded, you mentally go through the formula, beginning with the card on the bottom, till you come to the sixth beyond. Suppose the knave of spades is on the bottom; that being the end of the formula, you begin it anew with the top card—Eight kings threatened to sell, the sixth card is a seven. Now to find its suit you must remember that every fourth card is the same suit as the one on the bottom, which was spades. Then the fifth will be clubs, and the sixth hearts; therefore the sixth card is the seven of hearts. To prove it, you count aloud down to the sixth, and exhibit it.

Should a deeper card be demanded, it is easier to go by the thirteens, since every thirteenth must always be the same as the bottom card, only one, two or three suits advanced, depending on whether it is the thirteenth, twenty-sixth, or thirty-ninth. Thus, if the bottom card is the knave of spades, the thirteenth from the top will be knave of clubs, the twenty-sixth will be the knave of hearts, and the thirty-ninth will be the knave of diamonds. Now if the fifteenth is demanded, you count on two from the thirteenth (knave of clubs) which gives you the king of

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After cutting, to name the tenth, twelfth, or any card.

diamonds. If the twenty-fifth is asked for, you know it is the one before the knave of hearts, therefore the six of clubs. If the fortieth is asked, it is one beyond the thirty-ninth (knave of diamonds), therefore the eight of spades. This trick affords good practice to learn the formula. It is all the more mystifying, as you do not even see or feel the card you are asked to name.

IV.—TO NAME, INSTANTLY, ANY CARD DRAWN WITHOUT HAVING IT RETURNED TO THE PACK.

Though this is very simple, it beats all other card-drawing tricks. Offer the pack to have a card drawn. If you know how to force a card, appear to be trying to do that, to throw the company off its guard. No matter where the card is chosen, you must quickly cut the pack at that point, which brings the card just before the one taken, to the bottom. You simply lift the part of the pack above the card drawn and place it below the other part, catching sight of the card then on the bottom. The card drawn will follow it in the formula. If the eight of hearts is on the bottom you shout out king of diamonds, before the drawer has had a chance to look at the card himself. Return it to the bottom or top of the pack (never to the middle), and offer to be drawn again.

V.—TO CUT THE PACK EXACTLY IN HALVES AND QUARTERS.

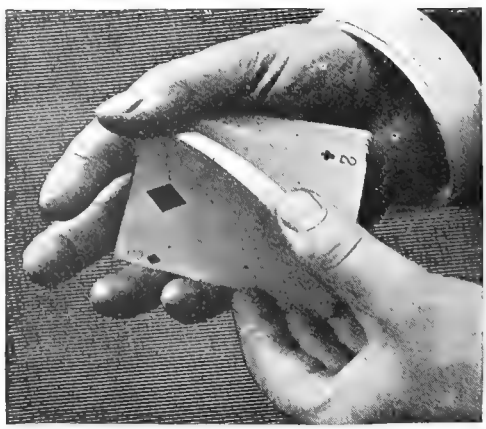
Note the card on the bottom. Suppose it to be the deuce of diamonds. Look hastily through the indexes in the middle till you find a deuce there, in the manner shown in the illustration. Cut there with a deuce on the bottom of each portion, and you will have just twenty-six cards in each hand. Cut these portions of the pack where another deuce occurs, and you will have thirteen cards in each lot. Replace these quarters in their original order, and you are ready for the next trick.

VI.—TO TELL OFF ANY NUMBER OF CARDS FROM THE TOP DOWNWARD, THOUGH BLINDFOLDED.

After numerous cuttings, see and remember the bottom card. Then shut your eyes and be blindfolded. Suppose the bottom card was the three of clubs; the top card always follows the bottom card in the formula, therefore it will be a ten, and the sequence of suits indicates hearts. Name the ten of hearts, and then show it. The others will simply follow the formula—deuce of diamonds, seven of spades, nine of clubs, five of hearts, and so on. You may vary the trick by saying you will call off the next five at once, if someone will write them down.

VII.—TO TELL BY WEIGHT THE EXACT NUMBER OF CARDS CUT OFF THE PACK.

Cut plentifully, see the bottom card, and ask someone to favour you by cutting any number off the top. Take the cards cut off in the palm of your right hand, face up, and with the tips of all your fingers showing around them. You must be able to judge whether you have nearer thirteen, twenty-six,



Dividing the pack into two halves or four quarters.

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or thirty-nine cards in your hand. Suppose the knave of hearts was on the bottom, and the card you are now looking at is the ten of diamonds. The thirteenth card will be the knave again, so you count on your finger-tips, as you run the formula over in your mind, from knave to ten, thus—eight kings threatened. The ten you are looking at comes four cards after the knave, which was thirteenth. Four plus thirteen gives seventeen as the number of cards you have in your hand. After appearing to weigh them carefully, you announce seventeen cards, and count through to prove you are right. In counting always keep the cards in the order they were, taking care not to slip one over the other.

Suppose a deeper cut was made, giving you palpably more than half the pack in your hand, and less than three-quarters. The deuce of clubs being the last of the cards cut off, you have two thirteens and a few more, the exact number of which you determine by counting round your finger-tips mentally from the knave on the bottom to the deuce, thus—eight kings threa-tened to. The two comes five cards beyond the twenty-sixth, and you therefore have thirty-one cards in your hand. If only a few cards are cut off, and you have the ace of clubs as the last one, you will know that the ace comes two cards before the knave, and therefore you have two less than thirteen, or eleven cards. Test the pack by these examples; then a little practice will enable you to tell the exact number of cards you have by adding to or subtracting from the thirteens. Of course, you will pretend to weigh the cards in your hand while you are mentally counting your finger-tips.

To tell by weight the number of cards cut off the top.

The method of doing a false shuffle.

VIII.—TO FIND ANY CARD CALLED FOR BY COUNTING BLINDFOLDED THROUGH THE PACK.

This is the king of card tricks. It may seem wonderful to tell the whole fifty-two cards one after the other; but if you can quickly find any card called for by the company, though blindfolded, you have reached the acme of skill in handling the magic thirteen.

Before proceeding with this, it is well to pretend to shuffle. There is an easy false shuffle, which will pass in most companies for a genuine mixing of the cards, though in reality only a succession of cuts. Take a large part of the cards from the bottom and drop some of them on the other side of the pack. But, as shown in the illustration, drop from the rear portion of the cards held in hand, instead of from the front portion, as is usually done in the ordinary shuffle. Then drop some on the bottom of the pack from the upper part of those held in your hand; afterwards drop what you have left on the top of the pack. This operation requires practice to keep from dropping cards from the middle of those you hold. They must always be dropped from the lower side when they fall on the top of the pack, and from the upper side when they fall on the bottom. When you have learned this with precision, you can do it several times between each trick. Having finished, you catch a furtive glimpse of the bottom card and remember it; then don the blindfold. Suppose the company asks you to find the ace of diamonds, the five of diamonds having been on the bottom. Run through

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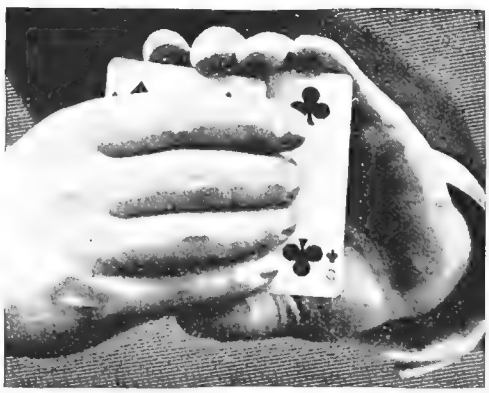
your formula, passing by one card for each word of it until you come to an ace, remembering that every fourth card will be the same suit as the bottom card (diamonds).

The top card is a queen, next will be four; there is an ace the third card. As the fourth card will be a diamond, the third card must be a heart; therefore you have the ace of hearts. Take it off with all the cards above it, and put them on the bottom; then count down to the thirteenth card, which must be ace of diamonds desired. The ace of spades would be the twenty-sixth card, and the ace of clubs the thirty-ninth.

Suppose with the five of diamonds on the bottom, you were asked to find the seven of spades. Run through the formula from "fair," which stands for five, passing a card for each word of it—"ladies for one sick knave eight kings threa-tened to sell." Stop with that card, as it is a seven, while every fourth card (the "sick" and the "threa-") has been diamond. This is the third card from "threa-", and must be a heart, for it comes just before a diamond. Cut off this card, with all above it, and, counting down to the next seven (thirteenth card), it will be a diamond, and the following seven (twenty-sixth card) will be the seven of spades desired. No other trick shows such a mastery of the entire pack as this one, but considerable practice is required.



Preparing the pack so that the top card may turn face uppermost.

IX.—TO MAKE A CARD LEAP FROM THE PACK WHEN FALLING, AND LIE FACE UPWARD.

Do not try this until you have almost finished your tricks, as it is likely to result in a disarrangement of the pack. Cut, and see the bottom card. Suppose it is the nine of spades; then the top card will be the five of clubs. Hold one hand over the top of the pack, and with the thumb of the other push the top card only, about one inch beyond the edge of the pack, as shown in the illustration. Now fling the pack flat upon a table, covered with a cloth to prevent bouncing, from a height of about eighteen inches, and with a little more force than its falling velocity. The resistance of the air will hold back the top card, and make it turn over and land face up on top of the pack. As the company does not know that it was on top, it appears to have leaped from the pack in its fall, in obedience to your command. If the cards scatter a little in a rebound from the table, you can usually pick them up again in their original order. If not, your tricks are at an end.

X.—AFTER A CUT TO DEAL FIVE CARDS AND INSTANTLY NAME THEM.

This is a neat but simple variation of telling the cards from the top down. Cut and see the bottom card, and quickly deal five from the top. If the king of spades was on the bottom the formula suggests three of clubs, ten of hearts, deuce of diamonds, seven of spades and nine of clubs as the first five. Show each card after naming it, and put them back on the top in the same order they were; cut and try it again.

XI.—TO FIND BIG AND LITTLE CASINO AND THE FOUR ACES.

Run through the pack face down, until from the bottom card you have traced the big casino (ten of diamonds) and have it on top. Push it up a little, and also the one next under it, which is always the little casino (deuce of spades). Now run through the pack, passing a card for each word of the formula until you find an ace; thirteen, twenty-six and thirty-nine cards further on the other three aces will lie.

XII.—TO NAME THE NEIGHBOURS OF ANY CARD.

Now propose to hide the cards altogether. Not behind you, where you might proceed to arrange them with your hands, but in your inside coat pocket. Now propose to tell the cards which lie next above and below the king of hearts in that pack. Someone may object that you may have seen his neighbours just now; so you say that you can tell the cards which lie next above and below any card

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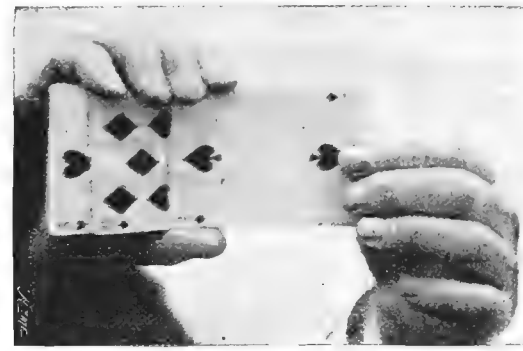
which may be mentioned by the company. If the ace of spades is named, you know by the formula that the four of diamonds is above and the six of clubs below it. After so stating, take out the cards (seeing the one on the bottom) and count through from the top till you come to the ace of spades. Lift it with the one before and after it to prove that you are right.



The best method of showing the pack for people to choose a card.

XIII.—TO FIND IN YOUR POCKET THE TWO CARDS WHICH THE COMPANY HAS NOTED IN THE PACK.

You introduce this as follows:—

"I will now show you a trick which proves conclusively that all these things are accomplished by mesmerism. I will make you think you see cards which you do not see at all! I simply face the bottom of the pack toward you, like this. I run the cards over from the bottom to the top; you can see each one clearly and unmistakably, while I cannot see them at all. Now, if anyone is here who thinks himself particularly hard to mesmerise, will he please make a mental note of any two consecutive cards. Remember which came first and which followed. Now, to be perfectly sure of yourself, jot down privately the two cards in the order that you saw them, so that you can prove afterwards to the company that I did not force you to forget or change your mind. With my eyes fixed upon you I cut and shuffle a little, merely to give time for my will to dominate yours. Now, please tell me merely the second card which you thought you saw? You say it was the ten of diamonds? That is, you think it was. As a matter of fact, I believe the ten of diamonds has remained quietly in my coat pocket since the last trick! I have willed you to think you saw the deuce of spades first and the ten of diamonds second. But these cards are not in the pack! I fling it down and feel in my pocket, and find those very cards. Let me see your memorandum, please. Let the company see that those were the same two you noted down. Evidently, you must have been mesmerised, and you wrote down the names of the two cards which I had purposely left in my pocket!

Method of holding the pack when it is desired to throw it down but retain two cards.

Much of the success of this trick depends on its hypnotic setting. Of course when the first card has been named to you, the second is revealed by the formula. Run through the pack until you have the first card which has been named to you, *i.e.*, the ten of diamonds, on the bottom, and it follows that their second card, the deuce of spades, will be on the top. Whilst you are stating that the person who thought he saw the ten of diamonds and the deuce of spades is mistaken, as they are not in the pack but have remained in your pocket since the last trick, you fling the pack quickly to the table, holding the cards rather tightly, and allowing all between the top and bottom ones to slip out, as shown in the illustration. At the same moment you quickly carry your hand, with the two cards in it, to your inner coat pocket, where the pack has recently been. You then apparently draw from this pocket the two cards which have been noted. This requires a little practice, but when done quickly with a frock coat on, it creates astonishment. The cards used should be comparatively new, so that they will slip easily.

These are the thirteen tricks of the Magic Thirteen, which, if carefully performed, will absolutely defy detection. They ought to afford an hour's entertainment in any drawing-room, and will well repay you the trouble of learning them.

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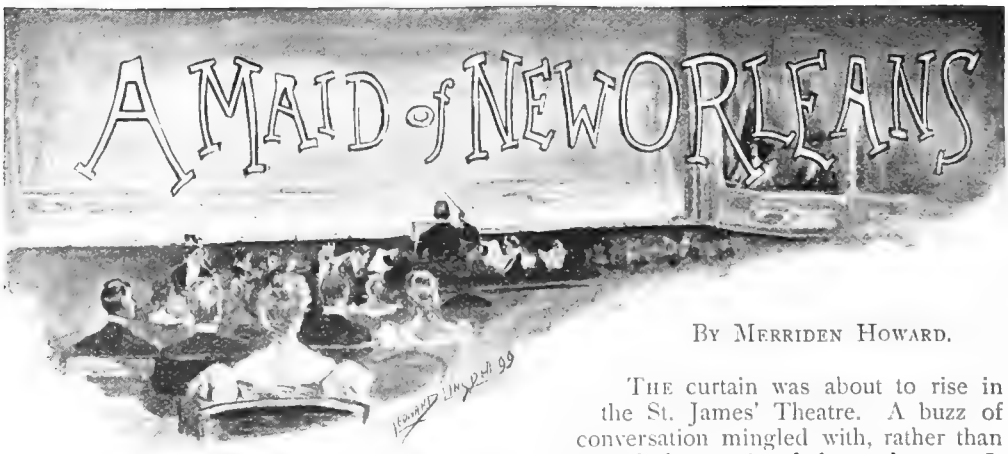
A Maid of New Orleans



By Merriden Howard.

The curtain was about to rise in the St. James' Theatre. A buzz of conversation mingled with, rather than disturbed, the music of the orchestra. It was a fashionable audience, and there was something impressive in this massing of splendour, beauty, and wealth. Particularly noticeable this, to me, because I was there to look around, to make comments, to amuse myself by means of these people. I doubt whether anyone has stauncher friends than I have; probably because I see little of them. By desire the most sociable of persons, I chance by disposition to be retiring. Consequently, I experience times of dreadful loneliness; when I could cry for weariness of my own thoughts. This was one of those evenings, when I sweepingly envied everybody who had anyone *with* them.

After leaving my office I had gone for a lonely walk to fill up the time till I could dine. I had dined by myself, ordering a good dinner to improve my spirits, but not having the appetite to eat it. Finally, I had turned into the St. James' to try to throw off a feeling of moroseness, which was becoming nauseating.

Sitting in the theatre waiting for the curtain to rise, I even asked myself why I did not marry as other people did. It was a question which occurred to me during these moments of loneliness. Whereupon, very properly, my mind was diverted into a fresh channel by the entrance of a party of four people. There was an old gentleman of extremely refined and haughty bearing, with a consort who, if she was a little more haughty, was certainly less refined, and a young couple. These sitting next to me I became interested in at once. They were both extremely handsome, particularly the girl, for the man wore an air of combined boredom and dissipation, which considerably detracted from his good looks. The girl, on the other hand, was in the full bloom of youth and beauty. She was tall and slim, with a superb carriage, which made her look taller than her companion, although in actual measurement she must have been a good deal shorter. Her hair was very black and rather wayward; her eyes, too, were black and so large and lustrous that with her very white face they gave her the appearance of a Spanish beauty. Her peculiarly vivacious manner, however, and one or two sentences which I happened to overhear told me that she was an American. The mere propinquity of a pretty and refined woman always has an enlivening effect upon me, and so it was on this occasion. As she sat next to me, I had only the one glimpse of her face until between the first and second acts she turned partly in her seat and took a sweeping glance round the theatre. In turning she caught my eyes, and, though she looked away quickly, she flashed back again for one brief instant in a curious way that made my own lashes drop.

Then she turned to her companion.

"The poor devils in the gallery," she said.

I noticed a sort of tremour in the old gentleman who was three seats away from me. The younger man looked up casually. "Oh, I don't know," he said in his drawling way. "They are crowded, hot, can't see, can't hear, but probably like it better; the upper circles are more sociable than the upper classes. Sociability is everything," and with this he almost turned his back on his fair companion.

I observed a soft rose-bloom suddenly creep for one instant into her cheek, and happening at that moment to catch the direction of her gaze I became aware that Viola

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Christian, the actress, was sitting in the manager's box. She was smiling in our direction; not at me certainly; not at the old couple—they were looking demurely at the pattern on the curtain. Equally certain she was not smiling at my next door neighbour, who, in her turn, was not exactly smiling towards the box. The only one of our party (if I may speak in this way with reference to strangers) who was smiling, it seemed to me, was the man with the dreary eyes, the dissipated mouth, the dismal drawl.

It was nothing to do with me, of course. But on account of my lonely mood, on account, too, of my next-door neighbour's pretty face, I felt annoyance that I who would have given a great deal to speak even a few words with her could not, while the man who could and ought to was turning his back upon her.

I am aware it matters little to any one what I thought or felt. But I mention these facts because the little scene I witnessed helps to explain the extraordinary events which followed.

The curtain dropped on the final scene. There was a movement among the audience. The girl next to me gathered her wraps together, and looked towards her escort. He was struggling into his coat and was absorbed in making gestures in the direction of the manager's box. She shrugged her shoulders and she smiled a little disdainfully. I offered my services very humbly—hardly audibly. She accepted them gracefully but coldly, and I hoped I had not seemed presumptuous. I hoped this very much indeed, as we all went out single file into the entrance hall. The old gentleman, who was refined and haughty, and his consort, who was less refined but even more haughty, grew a little bit flurried in the crush at the entrance.

"Here is our carriage, my dear," cried the old gentleman. "Come along. For goodness sake, come along. We can't keep everyone waiting. Lord Arthur can take Beatrice in his brougham."

He shouted to me over his shoulder.

"You'll take Beatrice, won't you?"

In the throng I had changed places with the young couple. Now when I turned I discovered the girl some way behind, and Lord Arthur (I am only calling him by the name the haughty old gentleman gave him) was branching off in another direction to shake hands with Viola Christian. He whispered something to her; she laughed and nodded. I perceived she was taking his arm, and noticed that she followed him through the crowd. As they passed me I heard him say to her:

"Thank heaven, I have shaken off these people. They will think I have mistaken the place where we had agreed to have supper, or they may think what they like. Come along."

He swept a way for himself through the crowd, sending call boys flying for his carriage. It appeared instantly, and, ushering Miss Christian in, he followed her and slammed the door. I alone knew that he had never heard the haughty old gentleman's message, and taking the only course that was open to me I sprang towards the carriage and laid my hand on the open window.

I offered my services.

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All the thanks I got was a rap over the knuckles.

"No, no," he called out sharply. "I can't listen to you now. Get away there, you fool." The next instant the carriage was out of sight.

I turned round and saw Beatrice (if I heard the name aright) standing lonesomely near the entrance which was now rapidly being emptied. She was looking round in all directions; certainly she had not seen the old couple depart; it was possible even that she might not have suspected Lord Arthur's desertion.

So she waited there evidently wondering what had become of them. I watched her wonder, and did a little wondering on my own account. When she found they were gone she would have to call a cab; and already all the boys had run off and all the cabs in the immediate vicinity had melted away. I should then be able to make myself useful.

I waited on the bottom step of the theatre. The attendants were beginning to close the doors. Beatrice came out on to the top step. She was frowning now and stamping her foot impatiently.

I heard her coming down the steps.

I turned my face in the opposite direction because there was enough timidity in my disposition to make me feel hesitation in going up to her and explaining a great deal of which it was presumptuous of me to have any knowledge.

Then I heard her coming down the steps.

"Oh, excuse me," she said, "but have you seen the people I was with? We sat next to you I think, and I haven't the remotest idea what has become of them."

There was something very nice about her address. Speaking to me, an absolute stranger, her look was rather haughty and her voice reserved; at the same time, she spoke frankly, as much as to say, "You see what a hole it puts me into."

I own to nervousness when I raised my hat and turned in her direction.

"I noticed a little misunderstanding, I said, and it was really on that account that I waited here. Your party consisted of three beside yourself I believe. Well, the elderly gentleman in going to his carriage called out directions over his shoulder that were evidently intended for your escort; instead of which *I* received them."

"May I ask what those directions were," she said coldly.

"To drive you home," I answered.

"I see," she said, "Well, where *is* he?"

"Well, apparently. . . . "

I began.

"Yes, yes," she cried, impatiently.

"Apparently," I said, "he is driving someone else home."

She stared at me for a moment as if she could only believe that her ears had deceived her. And then she smiled a little in a way which made it quite impossible for me to read what was in her mind.

"A stupid mistake," she said. "In other words I am left here without an escort. And here I suppose I shall have to remain until they find out their loss, and come to look for me."

"You will find it rather cold, waiting," I said, glancing at the closed doors of the theatre. "If you will permit me—"

"If I will permit you?" she repeated inquiringly.

I changed the drift of my sentence slightly.

"I will call a cab," I said.

She shook her head. While I had been speaking she had been scanning my face. I suppose she had made up her mind that I was not the man to take advantage of her

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position, because her reserve suddenly disappeared, and she laughed a little softly.

"It's no use calling a cab," she said. "You see I haven't the faintest idea where to drive to. I must tell you how it is. Momma and I have been on the Continent, and in Paris we met the friends with whom I went to the theatre to-night. They asked us to come over to London for a week or two, and as momma could not leave I came by myself. We stopped last night at the Savoy, while the servants went home with the luggage, and we were to have gone to their place to-night after the play. I don't know where their place is. It's somewhere near here. That's all I know; but it might as well be at the other end of the world for all the chance I have of finding it. Now you see?"

I was staggered for a moment with the immensity of the calamity. Then the idea of driving to some hotel and consulting a directory occurred to me.

"I have got just enough head to have thought of that," she said, with another of those smiles. "Oh yes, I have thought of everything. They live in a flat somewhere, and their name isn't in the directory."

"Then," I said, "there is nothing for it but to wait here until they come back to look for you."

It had been her suggestion originally, but, woman-like, she had changed her mind.

"Do you suggest that I should sit here, on the edge of this step, in this biting cold for two hours?" she enquired. "Say now, do you really suggest that?"

"I could suggest better things," I said. "For instance, we might go to the Prince's Restaurant and have supper. We may find your friends there; if we don't we can go back to the theatre in an hour's time. They are not likely to be there before then."

"That's not a bad idea," she cried, with a distinct note of approval. "Of course it's not the right thing to do; but neither is it right for a girl of my age——"

"And attractions," I suggested.

She frowned imperiously.

"For any one of my age," she continued, to spend the night sitting on a doorstep in a side street off St. James's. But I hate to inflict myself on you."

"Oh, as for that," said I, "I'm terribly distressed at your position; but it's rather fun for me. Suppose for a moment that you were a bachelor, and suppose you had a pretty girl——"

"Pretty girl's and fiddlesticks," she said. "Let's get something to eat. I'm dying of hunger. Say, you don't know Mr. and Mrs. Dedlock or you wouldn't call this fun."

"It's their fault," I said. "Or, rather, the other man's fault——"

"We wont refer to that, I think," she remarked, with a sweep back to her old hauteur. "I enjoy riding in hansoms," she added as we hailed a passing cab, and climbed in. "I am not allowed to ride in hansoms at home—with a man."

Her friends were not at the Prince's, but we had rather an amusing supper notwithstanding.

Afterwards we drove back to the theatre. The street was absolutely deserted, and a fine rain was falling. We sat in the cab for half an hour waiting. As time went by and there was no sign of any search party from the Dedlocks, the adventure grew less amusing. Big Ben had already struck one, and the responsibilities of my position began to assume immense proportions. Beatrice (I prefer to call her that for short, although we had by now discovered one another's names) lived, she told me, in New Orleans, U.S.A.; her mother was in Paris, her friends were in London, she did not know where and I knew still less, and the question remained what was I to do with her? I felt that something must be done soon not only on her account. I daresay I am more susceptible than other men; anyway, I found myself coming strangely under her influence. It was ridiculous, of course, to fall in love within three hours, still more preposterous to have this sort of thing coming on in a hansom cab.

"The best thing I can suggest," I said, squeezing her hand by way of sympathy, "is that we should drive to Scotland Yard. . . ."

"And deposit me there like any other piece of lost property," she inquired with some indignation.

"Leave your name and address there, and then I think the wisest plan would be for you to go back to the Savoy Hotel. Inquiries are sure to be made at Scotland Yard, and they can direct anyone who comes there to go on to the hotel. . . ."

"And if they don't come I am to go to bed in these clothes, I suppose," she exclaimed disdainfully, "and breakfast in them to-morrow, and—oh, you are just like an Englishman," she ended, energetically.

The cabman had slyly opened his peep-hole, and was peering down on us. I have no doubt our proceedings were puzzling him. They were puzzling me.

"I had not thought of the clothes

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question," I admitted. "I see its importance now, but I had not thought of it. There are lots of my sister's things left at my rooms in Whitehall Court. Perhaps I might pack a trunk for you, and send it round to the hotel after I have driven you there."

"As if *you* would know what to put in," she said, ungratefully.

I admitted it would be better if she came and made her own selection.

She sat back in the cab, biting the tips of her gloves, and thinking. Both of us kept a sharp look-out for any sign of the Dedlock party, but there seemed no hope of salvation in that direction.

"All right," said Beatrice, at last.

She put up the trap door herself, and said "Scotland Yard."

We did not speak much during the drive there, and she was equally silent on the way to Whitehall Court.

There was a bright fire burning in my rooms, which she rushed to gratefully, taking off her long gloves and warming her hands over the flames.

"What a pretty room," she cried, glancing round over her shoulder. "And sandwiches. Did we really have supper? I'm dying of hunger."

I moved the table with the sandwiches and wine near the fire, and then proceeded to unearth one of my sister's trunks, which she had left behind. I also emptied the contents of a great many drawers and wardrobes on to the sofa.

My sister has some taste in the matter of clothes, I believe. At all events Beatrice did not express any dissatisfaction. She settled herself comfortably on the floor and gave me instructions what to bring her. I could not help thinking how graceful and pretty she looked. The firelight playing on her face gave it a warm colouring that was very becoming. I think, although it may be treasonable to say so, that she was rather enjoying the adventure. But now and then she knitted her pretty brows together and told me to be quicker.

"It's dreadfully, dreadfully late," she said. "I don't know what they will think of me at the hotel. I feel so ridiculous. It's not very complimentary to a girl to lose her, is it? I believe you are being slow on purpose."

"Positively I have never exerted myself so furiously," I said, sitting on the sofa in order to fold up a garment that had come unwound. "What I so much admire is the philosophic way in which you look at the matter. You say to yourself you are lost and you may or may not be found. It is quite possible that you won't be found. In the meanwhile you look after yourself. You say to yourself it can't be helped, so you help yourself——"

"To your clothes," she said, sitting back on her heels and laughing.

I glanced at the garment in my hand and shook my head. But she snatched it from me and packed it away.

"It's a queer business," she said shaking her pretty head. "It looks like an elopement."

"I don't know *what* it looks like," I said.

"You needn't be unpleasant," she said. "Oh, hurry, please hurry."

We were engaged in this way, when she suddenly slammed down the lid of the trunk, and sprang to her feet.

I went to her side in amazement.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"Nothing," she said, "only—only your blinds aren't drawn and—"

"I never trouble to draw them," I answered, "but, of course—"

It was not until I was very near the window that I noticed what had startled her. Someone was standing at a window on the opposite side of the court, and watching us through a pair of binoculars.

"Well of all the—oh, I say, come here. That's your friend, Mr. Dedlock. Well, of all the extraordinary coincidences. I say that's one of the most wonderful bits of luck—"

I drew the curtain with a crash.

"After all I don't know though," I said.

We stood facing one another. Beatrice pointed to the trunk and the scattered clothes, and to the sandwiches on the table.

"It's dreadfully compromising," she said.

"It's devilish awkward. We've found 'em. That's a good thing. But—"

My eyes wandered again to the trunk and the clothes.

"They'll have to take our explanation," I observed. But there was no confidence in the way I said it.

Beatrice ran to the window and drew back the curtains. There were two people there now. I recognised Mrs. Dedlock. Judging from appearances there was a spirit of unrest troubling them.

Beatrice kissed both hands to them jauntily.

"Perhaps this will be a lesson to them," she said, "I don't propose to be left behind at theatres like an old umbrella."

"There is such a thing as being accused of stealing umbrellas," I observed moodily.

"Don't be a coward. I'll make it all

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right for *you*. Honest Injun' I will. Why you've been the finest thing in the world. May I open the window? Hullo, Mr. Dedlock, I'm waiting for you here. Room 33 in the East wing of the building. Will you send for me? I'm dreadfully glad to see you again."

"You needn't say so," I said.

"Oh, but I am," she remarked, turning to me. "But I'm real grateful to you. . . . He's coming I think."

"I'm afraid there will be trouble," I observed, lighting a cigarette.

"There's certain to be," she answered calmly. "I'm going to make trouble. You leave it to me."

We drew together over the fire. There was something regal in the poise of that beautiful head, in the perfect lines of her neck and shoulders. What a figure she had and how proud she looked standing there half amused, half annoyed, at the thought of the scene which must follow. The trunk still remained in the centre of the room, and we neither of us thought of removing the little table with the wine on it, which was indiscreet.

"I can't get over the fact of your friends actually living in this building," I said. "It's one of those extraordinary coincidences. If my sister had been here you might have lived under the same roof for a week without discovering them. You might have lived here for ever——"

"Oh, might I?" she said, helping herself to another sandwich. "I don't quite see——"

"I suppose the idea *is* ridiculous," I said.

She looked me full in the face and laughed.

"Nothing could be very ridiculous after this escapade," she said clasping her hands behind her. "I hope you will tell them how well I have behaved."

"Your behaviour has been exemplary," I admitted.

"We have been wonders, *I* think," she said. "It's a pity you felt your responsibilities *quite* so much," she added, glancing at me sideways, and giving one of the smouldering logs a push with her dainty satin shoe.

There was a bright fire burning in my room, which she rushed to gratefully.

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I asked why.

"Oh, you *are* dull," she said.

"I don't feel it so much now that Mr. Dedlock's on his way round," I remarked, with a glance over my shoulder towards the door.

I spoke a little unsteadily, but my heart was beating fast.

She moved away from the fire and seated herself on the sofa.

I went up behind her and seeing it lying idle I took one of her hands in mine. She was looking at the fire and did not notice it.

"Perhaps we may never come across one another again," I said, playing with her rings.

"It's more than likely," she answered, with a pretty gesture of her fair shoulders.

She withdrew her hand from mine abstractedly, and rested it on the arm of the sofa. It was such an abstracted movement that I ventured to capture it again.

"I guess," she said, "that the Dedlocks will hustle me back to France. They are not much of hustlers, *generally*," she remarked, showing her pretty teeth, "but I'm afraid this will look like a case for momma."

"I wish it did," I said.

I had taken her other hand. Her lips looked very red set in that white, white face, and those roguish black eyes challenged me to I dare not think what flights of hope and—

"I am disappointed in you," she cried, jumping up from the sofa with an offended air. "Yes, I am. Very, very disappointed. I thought you were such a good chaperon."

"I can't help it," I said. "Even the chaperon will turn when it's not trod upon."

She had quitted me altogether, and had gone over to the hearth rug, where she stood with her back turned, beating the carpet with her foot.

"You don't hate me more than I hate myself," I said, going after her. "Come back to the sofa, please, come back."

"Not I," she said. "I'm up to *your* fine antics, Mr. Chaperon. I didn't think you would behave like that. I'm very angry."

She wouldn't look at me even, and so I went up to her and got in front of her.

"I don't believe you are angry at all," I said, "It's no good your turning away and frowning. Mr. Dedlock will be here in a minute and . . ."

"Well promise you will never do a thing like that again," she said. "Promise faithfully. I don't *want* to quarrel with you."

I don't believe she did want to very much. At least I thought it was good enough to run the risk, and I don't say there might not have been a quarrel again. But at the moment the door opened, and Mr. Dedlock came into the room. Either because he had been hurrying or because he was really astonished, he was out of breath.

"What the devil is the meaning of this," he panted, entering the room by a few feet. "Beatrice, my dear girl! Am I to believe the evidence of my senses, sir?"

His manner was not very polite, and because of the anxiety I had had on his account I was somewhat annoyed at his abruptness.

"Even the lateness of the hour, sir," I said, "would hardly be an excuse for your not doing so."

He advanced two or three steps.

"I don't want excuses, sir. I want explanations. Can it be possible," he continued, apostrophising himself, "in London, at the end of the nineteenth century, that a girl should be actually absconded from her proper guardians in a fashionable theatre! Snatched away. Spirited from them. Carried off. You were packing, I think," he continued, turning to Beatrice. He put out an angry finger, and stood pointing to the offending trunk. "What is the meaning of it all?"

"You will pardon me, my dear Mr. Dedlock," said Miss Beatrice, in the calmest manner, "but have you met Sir James Dorton?—Sir James, my friend Mr. Dedlock."

The old boy bowed most distantly.

"I don't want to know him," he said. "I want to know the meaning of this—this—this elopement. 'Pon my word, the most outrageous affair! Am I not to have an explanation? Am I to stand here as if it was not four o'clock in the morning——?"

"I am afraid I can hardly put the clock back, Mr. Dedlock," I observed, "but if I may offer you a chair——"

The old boy's dignity seemed eaten up with his anger. He stamped on the carpet as if the pattern was a fire which he was trying to extinguish.

"Sit down, sir? Certainly not. Insulting, sir. Insulting. Beatrice, I am waiting for explanation. You have caused myself and Mrs. Dedlock the gravest anxiety. And as for Lord Arthur; leaving him in the lurch in that manner. Beatrice, my child," his voice wavered a little, "think of your mother."

"I am thinking of momma," said Miss Beatrice. "She must never hear of this."

"Indeed," said the old boy. "Indeed. On the contrary, she shall be told everything. Everything, madam. I will take care that

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you have the opportunity of telling her yourself. At once! To-morrow."

"It would never do to tell her the whole truth," observed Beatrice, seating herself on the trunk. "Poor momma, what would she think?"

"She shall hear the whole truth," said the old boy, banging his hands together. "Not a word shall be modified. I am glad you have some feeling. Glad, very glad. A little spark of lady-like feeling. An elopement! Under my very eyes. Oh, these American girls."

He appealed to the ceiling, but the ceiling was an old friend of mine, and on our side.

"But surely, my dear Mr. Dedlock," said Miss Beatrice, arranging the folds of her gown, "you will have some consideration for momma. You won't tell her that I was deserted. Left quite alone in the London streets. Without an escort—without *anything*. That I might have tramped the streets all night if it had not been for Sir James, who so kindly took pity on me, and looked after me until it was possible to find you again. Honestly now, what became of you? Did you forget me? I hope you weren't tired of me? I know Lord Arthur was. At least, I think he *must* have been, to have gone off with that actress; don't you Sir James?"

I took one of her hands in mine.

Mr. Dedlock drew himself up to a grand height.

"Beatrice," he said, "I consider your tone most improper. I don't know what you are referring to. I hoped to find you repentant. I did not expect to be defied, Madam. To be insulted!"

"Oh, my dear Mr. Dedlock," she cried, jumping up and going over to his side. "Please, please don't talk like that. I know quite well it was an accident. I know it couldn't be helped. But it was an awkward position, wasn't it? You see the only thing I could do was to get some clothes and go to an hotel until I could find you again. If you will go to Scotland Yard—"

"I am going home, Beatrice," said the old boy wrathfully. "And I'm going to take you with me. You are making matters worse by your excuses. Deserted indeed. A pretty story. Tired of you, indeed! I suppose if you did miss us you had the sense to come home, didn't you. A pretty story. You found your way here soon enough. Come if you please. Good evening, sir, and I hope you are ashamed of yourselves, both of you. An elopement. Under our very eyes. In the nineteenth century. In the very heart of London. The audacity!"

Beatrice was looking about for her opera cloak. I found it on one of the chairs, and put it over her shoulders.

"It can't be helped," she said, turning to me demurely, "I'm not going to explain any more. I think explanations are undignified. Don't you? I wish it *had* been an elopement." And she laughed in her merry way.

"So do I," I said, and I meant it. The old boy seized her arm and tucked it away under his, like a police officer with a prisoner.

At the door she turned round.

"Next time I really will elope—with *someone*," she said. "Honest Injun, I will."

And she did.

She is looking over my shoulder now—the merriest, gentlest, sweetest wife in England.

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WOMEN WHO WEAR TROUSERS AND MEN WHO WEAR PETTICOATS.

By Herbert Vivian.

Clothes are supposed to be merely a matter of fashion, but a man attempting to go about, say in London or Paris, in the garments of the opposite sex, would soon find himself at loggerheads with the police as well as with public opinion. Allowances are made no doubt for the sartorial vagaries of lady-cyclists, though recent cases of innkeepers putting their feet down and refusing to give them accommodation have shown that popular prejudices are not easily over-ridden.

In remoter countries, however, the authorities are so delighted when they can persuade people to wear any clothes at all, that they are not so squeamish about restricting the sexes to any particular garment.

When I went to an Arab country for the first time, I found it a standing puzzle to determine the sex of the people I saw in the streets.

In the streets of Tunis, even the most elaborate costume was of very little assistance to me, and a great strapping man going about in a kind of woollen night-dress, particularly if he had no beard or if he were walking in front of me, seemed obviously a woman, while a girl walking about unconcernedly in a jerkin and a pair of white linen knickerbockers was pronounced with equal certainty to be a boy. A similar difficulty presents itself to the natives in those parts, and I was told that, unless there was a beard to put the matter beyond doubt, the first question among themselves when they saw a European was: "Is that a man or woman?"

A little Jewish dancing girl.

There are, of course, many gradations in the character of the Oriental female trouser. I have seen Carthaginian women whose nether garment was scarcely distinguishable from the new woman's divided skirt; and others whose whole costume was almost identical with that of the average boy in Southern Europe. In Turkish harems the full knickerbocker is almost universal. This suggests the curious reflection that, whereas with us "the woman who wears the breeches" is an expression to denote one who rules her husband and has it all her own way, those women who really do wear breeches in Oriental countries are the extreme types of female subjection, regarded by their husbands

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A Jewish dancing girl of Tunis.

as mere chattels and even denied by religion the possession of a soul.

As most of us cannot safely penetrate into a harem to examine the richest specimens of female trousering, our best chance is to frequent the melancholy music halls of the East, where Jewish women display the bravest assortment of finery of this kind. The little dancing girl in the accompanying illustration has contented herself with plain silk knickerbockers, which are certainly useful in the exercise of her art, for allowing freedom to the limbs and enabling us to appreciate the intricacies of her steps.

The next costume, with its wealth of gold brocade upon the thickest silks of vivid hues, is certainly more magnificent, but at the same time more cumbersome. However, the girl's dancing is of the slow dreamy order, and consists of little more than swaying and pirouetting with more or less grace to the accompaniment of barbaric tom-toms and monotonous wailing songs.

She is evidently very much admired by the frequenters of her establishment, though, according to our notions, she has anything but a pleasing expression; and the layers of paint upon her face and the thick kohl upon her eyebrows give her the appearance of a very badly-made doll.

A Tunisian Jewess.

The next photograph gives us a Tunisian Jewess standing with her back to a very unnatural sea. The conical hat is one of the chief characteristics of the costume of her people, and we have now come to a trouser whose length and tightness proclaim it to be the real article, and no mere baggy knickerbocker like that of our own "new woman." It is certainly a convenient garment, though scarcely picturesque, and the lower part, having the appearance of leggings, confers a sporting effect which is not often to be met with in the get-up of Oriental women. As the Jewess appears in the picture, she might easily be mistaken by anyone not intimately acquainted with the niceties of Hebrew costume for a young man with a somewhat extravagant taste in jewellery.

A Persian Woman.

We next come to a Persian woman whose sex requires still more explanation. Her short hair, the little round cap with which we have become

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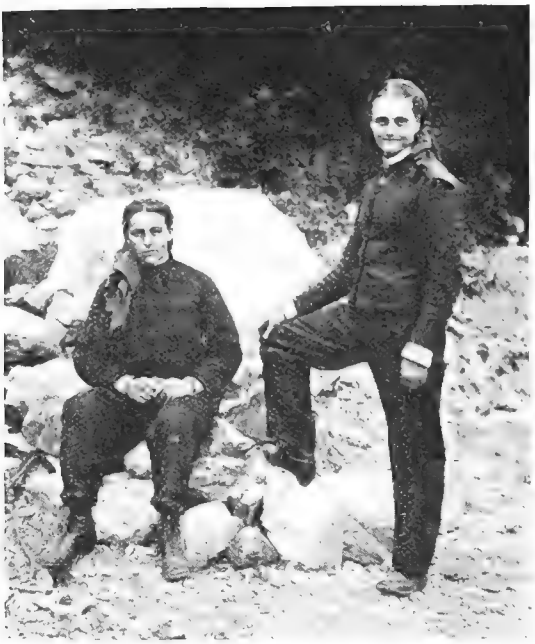

Two women of Champery, in Switzerland.

so familiar in the Indian bazaars, her Toby collar, the modest simplicity of her ornaments, and the sturdiness, not to say truculence, of her expression, emphasised by her clenched fists and aggressive mouth, proclaim her every inch a man, apart from the really masculine cut of her trousers. Indeed, from the jaunty cock of her cap and the way in which she is standing to attention, we should be tempted to surmise that we had to do with a soldier. On the other hand, the materials she has chosen for her costume—a thin silk of bright colours, and the many pleats all the way down the front of her coat—are decidedly feminine, unless we imagine her to have adopted a new form of smoking-coat.

So far, we have been dealing with remote countries, where it seems more or less natural to find people wearing outlandish clothes. It is something of a shock to us to discover that in a Christian country like Switzerland, which we have come to regard as the supreme type of commonplace propriety, there exists a garb more aggressively masculine than any to be found in Asia or Africa.

These accompanying photographs, taken at Champéry, in the Canton Vallais, may, at any rate, serve as a warning to modern women who may feel tempted to borrow their fashions from the other sex. Could anything be more hideous or more desperately unromantic than the suits of dittoes which these misguided females have elected to wear? We should not feel hopeful about a man who rigged himself out in this dull unimaginative fashion, but to find women attired thus seems an outrage. If we expect nothing else from women, we do at least insist upon their taking some pride in their personal appearance and making up by their taste in dress for any shortcomings in personal beauty.

These sad Swiss damsels seem to have given up the effort in despair, and to have chosen the very ugliest garb which human ingenuity could devise. When a nun seeks to humiliate herself and abandon the chief pleasure of her sex by wearing a sober uniform and deliberately concealing her hair and other chief attractions, we may still admire her for her modesty and simple neatness. But these peasants seem to have sought to combine the extreme of clumsiness and ungainliness with the least modest attire which could be imposed upon their sex.

The rough jerkin and trousers are doubtless by no means inconvenient for the outdoor life of peasant farmers knocking about a rough and precipitous country-side, tending cattle and riding about on horseback in pur-

The oyster girls of Arcachon.

Google

An old Sardinian peasant.

suit of agricultural occupations. Of course with this costume the women of Champéry do not need a side-saddle; but, after all, it is not necessary to wear trousers in order to ride a horse according to the fashion of Zenobia. In the remoter parts of Servia I have seen plenty of peasant women riding their stout little mountain ponies astride, but their petticoats did not seem to inconvenience them in any way.

The fish-girls of Arcachon certainly afford a pleasanter sight, and they have the appearance of bright, cheerful boys. It must be remembered that their trousers are worn solely on grounds of utility. Paddling about among the oyster-beds, skirts would be decidedly in the way, but directly their work is over, the women slip on their petticoats, and it is the rarest thing to espy one of them walking the streets in their professional attire.

In Spain I have also seen olive-pickers in trousers, for the girls find that modesty as well as convenience make this fashion advisable while they are scrambling about among the trees. There is, moreover, nothing repulsive about the sight, for a Spanish woman always contrives to look neat and dignified.

After women in trousers it is natural to look out for men in petticoats, and, just as the former have proved to be masculine in nothing but their attire, so the latter seem to be among the sturdiest and most vigorous specimens of their sex. The male petticoat has, moreover, the advantage of antiquity on its side, and every Scotsman will be prepared to defend his kilt by a reference to the garb of ancient Gaul. The kilt indeed is so familiar that it scarcely occurs to us to think of it as a petticoat, and we are rather inclined to associate with it the manliness and fighting qualities connected in our minds with the Roman toga. Familiar as the Highland dress is to us, it is by no means equally so to foreigners, who never cease to express their surprise and merriment about it when they first visit Scotland. Our Highland troops also cause a good deal of comment when they make their first appearance in foreign lands.

Among foreign men who wear petticoats the Greek is perhaps the best known. In general appearance he recalls the principal dancer in a ballet. His nether garment is made up of a long roll, sometimes amounting to as many as thirty or forty yards of white linen wound round and round his waist. On

A countryman of Murcia, the most old-fash oned province of Spain.

Google

smart occasions it is spotlessly clean and stiffly starched, standing out like a great white cloud round the upper part of his legs. At other times it is generally limp and dingy, and needs all his distinction of bearing to carry it off. When seen at its best, it is a picturesque, if not a graceful, garment, and we must regret that it should be falling so much into disuse. It has now been almost entirely superseded by commonplace tweeds in the towns, but in most of the villages of Greece it may still be found predominating.

A Highlander of Macedonia.

Our next photograph represents an old-fashioned Sardinian peasant, whose kilt is in reality a continuation of his waistcoat, and does not come down far enough completely to cover his capacious white knickerbockers. The illusion of a petticoat is, however, borne out by the white garters which are placed conspicuously outside his long black gaiters. He generally wears a large shawl over his shoulders out-of-doors, and when you follow him as he hobbles over the cobbles of Cagliari, he has the true appearance of a little old woman whose petticoats have been cut ridiculously short. He presents altogether a complete study in black and white, except that he sometimes has a coloured handkerchief twisted round his black Phrygian cap of liberty.

The whirling Dervishes of Constantinople.

The Sardinians have derived most of their manners and costumes from Spain, which once had a great deal of influence upon the destinies of their island. To convince ourselves of this we have only to place a Sardinian peasant side by side with a countryman of Murcia, the most old-fashioned province of Spain. The caps are different but scarcely a contrast, and, though the Spaniard is evidently poorer than the other, there can be no doubt that he is following the same fashion.

His petticoat is a continuation of his skirt, as we may also find in Hungary, where stiff starching on Sundays and holidays produces a very fine effect. The Montenegrin kilt, on the other hand, is a continuation of the coat; it is, however, so long that it has the appearance of a very pronounced skirt.

Our next photograph represents a young highland chieftain of Macedonia, whose flowing robes come near suggesting a variety of the feminine tea-gown. However, a pistol and a small arsenal of knives in his rich belt point to anything but feminine pursuits.

Monks of most religions and many clergy might be included in our list, but there would be a certain monotony about them. The whirling dervishes of Constantinople, however, must not be omitted, for they afford one of the best examples of men in petticoats, particularly when they spin round and round, as I have often seen them, so that their skirts are inflated to the proportions of a crinoline. Their endurance is

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Devil dancers of Ceylon.

My concluding reflection, after surveying this strange array of queer costumes, is that all women's dress must originally have been derived from that of men. Probably at some period in the world's history, men wore one rudimentary garment and women none at all. Then came yearnings for sexual equality and an adaptation of the male garb. Why this should have generally taken the form of a skirt in the West and trousers in the East is not clear. The number of Western women, however, who affect the knickers and trousers of men seems to be ever on the increase, and perhaps at some future date it will be difficult to distinguish between the sexes even in England.

most remarkable, and they will often go on whirling with ever increasing velocity for an hour or more at a time, supported only by a kind of religious frenzy, which produces hypnotic effects.

Stranger still are the Sinhalese devil dancers, who trade upon a superstition that all illness is caused by evil spirits possessing the patients. They dress themselves up in a more or less fiendish costume, and dance for hours, with a great deal of noise, in a sick person's house until they have effected a kill or cure. Their petticoats are adorned with elaborate pleats and afford us the most coquettish female raiment of any worn by men.

Those of the high priests of Kandy are perhaps more striking, for the beards and martial appearance present a greater contrast, and the way in which the skirts are tucked into the girdles produces an effect already familiar to us from the sight of our own housemaids and washerwomen when prepared for a hard day's work.

High priests of Kandy.

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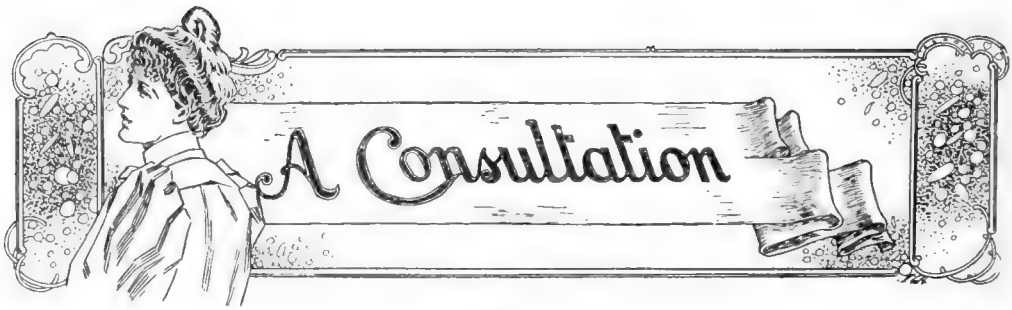

By C. Russell.

The maid said the doctor was out. Would I wait or would I call again?

I looked into the crown of my hat for counsel. A slight twinge of pain reminded me that even if I went to the office I shouldn't do much work that morning.

"Do you know," said I, "when he will be in?"

She would go and inquire.

I reflected that he must be rather a sensible sort of doctor to employ a nice clean maid to attend the door instead of a lugubrious butler. There was a vase with a flower in it on the table which gave me a still higher opinion of his humanity.

The door opened and a girl appeared—another one.

Decidedly, a most sensible doctor.

"Papa——"

I rose at once.

"——will be back at eleven."

I immediately recognised the connection between the flowers on the table and the lady at the door.

"At eleven?"

I looked at my watch, but forgot to note the hour. She was a charming figure.

"Perhaps you wouldn't care to wait?"

Tall; yellow hair; pretty; collar and cuffs.

"Er——well——"

I was casting about for some likely expedient. Should I explain that I would prefer to wait if someone (herself, for choice) would kindly sit with me and divert my attention? On second thoughts, no; she might send me in a boy-of-all-work.

"Three-quarters-of-an-hour," said I reflectively. She was regarding me with grave interest.

"Papa doesn't usually go out so early," she explained. "It's just possible he might be back before——"

"Then I think I'll wait."

I sat down heavily, and emitted a sigh, which I hoped might reach her ears. It checked her exit.

"Of course, if you are in pain, or if it's anything *very* urgent——"

She left it to be understood that in such case I was to seek immediate relief at some rival establishment.

"I think," said I, "I can manage to wait if—er—if someone——"

I remembered the boy-of-all-work, and stopped.

"Would you like a little hot water?"

It occurred to me she might send it by the maid or the boy, so I declined. She opened the door slowly, and I felt that my minutes were numbered. A happy thought struck me, and I laid my head wearily on the back of the chair. She paused on the mat.

"If there's anything I could do——" She looked at the carpet half way between us.

"I should be so thankful if you could!" I cried.

She drew back a little, and then gathered courage again. Leaving the door part open, she came over to me. She certainly had a very charming walk.

"I'm going to be a nurse some day," she explained courageously.

I jotted it down in my memory to have a typhoid fever during one of my next holidays.

"And I often help papa with his books and things now."

"There's nothing much the matter with me," I began.

She looked relieved, and less shy.

"I've given my arm a sort of wrench."

I waggled my right arm indicatively.

"Does it pain you?"

"Extremely, when I do that. You see, it was this way——" and I explained how I banged it against the railings last night. I arranged a ledger and a stethoscope on the table to show how very awkwardly the rails and front steps are placed at my diggings.

"It was quite early, and there was a moon,

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toc," I added, vaguely on the defensive—she lent me a most sympathetic attention.

"Is it broken or sprained?" she asked.

"Well," said I, "there's a queer lump just here ——." With some reluctance she touched my sleeve with her finger.

"Oh, I hope it isn't broken!" I thought that very nice and disinterested of her.

"If it's broken, you ought to have it in a sling till papa comes in. Do you think you could tell if I got the book?"

She brought a "Dictionary of Surgery," and we looked up "arm" with growing excitement. All the illustrated pages were skipped with embarrassed haste.

"Had I better take off my coat?"

She hung in the wind a moment, and then pluckily said I had better. But my shirt sleeves disturbed her a little; she glanced towards the door, in some distress.

"Of course," she reminded both of us, "I'm going to be a nurse some day."

"Oh," said I, "I regard you as a doctor already. Now about this precious arm. I hope the patella isn't smashed."

"Oh, I hope not!" she cried.

"Or the tibula. I think that's the special bone they say you play billiards with."

"Do you like billiards?"

"Awfully. Do you ever play?"

"I have, but I like table croquet better."

She turned to the book and glanced down the page.

"If I read it aloud, perhaps you can feel your arm and see ——"

"There's a lump at the elbow here," said I.

She took my word for it without looking.

"Here's something," she cried with elation. "'Loss of extension power, following a blow, with pain behind the joint, when a hard movable mass can be felt, indicates fracture of the olecranon.'"

She gave me a glance of sympathetic alarm.

"How horrible it sounds!"

"What *is* the olecranon?" said I anxiously.

"I don't know." Her voice sank lower. "I never heard of it in my life. Perhaps papa won't be long."

I looked gloomily at my arm and felt it again.

"Yes, there's a distinct lump."

"Is it inside or outside? It says here—'a movable bony mass at the inner side of the elbow after a blow is probably the internal condyle which has been chipped off.'"

I knew I was paler. "The internal condyle?"

"Yes," she said. We looked at one another in consternation.

"There's a lump inside as well as outside. There—can't you feel them both?"

"Yes," she said, in an awed way.

I recognised that my case was hopeless.

"I wish I had written to the mater. It will have to be broken to her somehow."

"You don't live at home?" she asked gently.

"I live in diggings—alone in diggings—all alone."

Pity beamed from her eyes.

"I suppose I shall have to get a trained nurse," I said, despondently. "You—er—did I understand you to say that you haven't passed yet?"

A door opened and a girl appeared

Google

She brought a "Dictionary of Surgery," and we looked up "arm."

"I haven't begun even."

"I shouldn't mind that. Experience isn't everything."

She looked aside at the table.

"I should be an awfully docile patient, and do my best to give satisfaction," I urged.

She looked at the floor.

"And I feel that with you watching over me, I should have a better chance in my long struggle with death."

She glanced at me with startled compassion.

"Surely he won't object."

"N—no. And yet——"

She hesitated.

"You can't begin too soon," I ventured.

She looked up at me and our eyes met.

Somehow I learnt then—and she, too, for that matter—how much may be meant and conveyed in the meeting of two pairs of eyes.

I saw in hers at first a look of doubt, as though she barely understood how to reply to my suggestion. Then a gleam of light came into them, and a look of amusement on her face. She almost laughed outright, half suspecting that there was a method in my illness.

Yet the gleam of laughter died, and I saw a look in her eyes of wonder, of fear, of a sudden awakening. It had come—that exquisite truth of all time, come as suddenly to her as to me. For an instant her glance met mine, and then her eyes fell and a flush spread over her cheeks.

"I—I'll see what papa thinks."

We hadn't long to wait. He opened the door at that inauspicious moment.

He really took the situation very well.

"We are engaged," said I (my companion looked unaccountably startled), "in trying to find out how long I have to live."

The doctor laughed. "You must let me help."

I spoke impressively. "My olecranon is fractured. And what was the other thing?" But my companion was gone.

"Tut!" exclaimed the doctor.

There was an air of reassurance in the exclamation, but somehow I felt disappointed.

If there was nothing serious the matter with me, I foresaw difficulties in the way of visiting the house again, and to return I certainly intended.

Yet he was quite right. I was at the office that afternoon, but at the doctor's house—in the drawing-room—the next.

It took a considerable amount of bravery to overcome a feeling of shyness that was in a sense new to me. But go I did, with some sort of excuse of wanting to thank her for her kindness.

After all, the excuse mattered little enough. We understood each other, which was the main thing.

I go every day to the house now. I have a sort of right.

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She Merely Picked It Up.

If Miss Eliza Ferridge had not taken up a certain newspaper in June, 1895, I should not now have on my table a letter from her mother, dated in June, 1898—exactly three years later. What paper it was, or why Miss Ferridge was moved to read it, we are not told. Probably there was no particular reason why she did it. Her doing it was an accident, one of the things that "just happened so." Yet, what do we mean by that? What makes anything "happen"? Heavens! What bats and moles we are.

Crossing a piece of strange country one gloom night, for a short cut, I stumbled over a stone and lamed myself so badly as to be compelled to seek help at a neighbouring cabin. There the people congratulated me on what they called my *good luck*, saying if I had kept on ten rods longer *as I was going*, I must have fallen into an abandoned pit and been killed.

On the same lines, I say, if the young girl named had *not* taken up that paper when she did, and found in it what she did, it is more than likely she would not be living to day.

Her mother says Eliza was one of the host of girls who are fated to start out in life without their proper birthright of vitality. She was weakly and delicate, yet showed no signs of any particular ailment or disease. She simply drooped, as flowers do when in an uncongenial soil. She complained of feeling tired and weary, and did not play about like other children. However, she got along fairly well—if we may say that of a child who has had no childhood—until she reached the age of fourteen years, when the healthy girl stands, surprised and blushing, on the doorsill of womanhood.

Then her little strength waned and faded until she walked about even more slowly and feebly than before. Her appetite had always been small and capricious, and, if possible, it was less now. Following the poor apologies for meals that Eliza took, came pain in the stomach, the chest and elsewhere, as though the frail body illy bore the presence of the food necessary to sustain it.

Seeing this, and justly alarmed by it, Mrs. Ferridge sought to invigorate the girl by giving her especially nourishing foods. But no good came of it. She grew more thin and pale, and, if there was red blood still running in her veins, no signs of it showed through her white skin.

In her letter, already alluded to, the mother says:—"My anxiety about my daughter's health was at this time very constant and great. She was evidently wasting away in spite of all we could do. At this period of her illness she was confined to her bed for weeks together. We had to help her up and down stairs, and for months I slept in the same room, so as to care for her in the night.

"She was attended by several doctors, one after another, but none of them had good fortune with the case. Successively they gave her up, saying they could do no more. Our friends said Eliza was in a decline, and no mortal hands could save her. For three years she lingered thus—like one who waits for a sure summons that may come any day—any hour.

"In August, 1893, I got her into the Convalescent Home at Eastbourne. There she stayed three weeks, at first feeling a trifle better for the change, and then quickly becoming bad as ever. Now I come to speak of an occurrence which seems like the intervention of Providence.

"One day in June, 1895, Eliza—enlivened somewhat by the bright summer weather—took up a newspaper and began looking at it. Almost the first thing her eyes lighted on was a story of a case like her own—a young girl supposed to be dying of consumption, who was nevertheless fully cured by a medicine called Mother Seigel's Syrup. I procured the remedy at once, and in *one week* she ate better, and the food agreed with her. The rest of my account may be given in few words. Continuing to take this preparation, Eliza got better. Every week I could see she gained. Strength and colour came to an extent to which she never had either before. At last she was really and truly *well*—for the first time in her life. It was wonderful. I have told everybody that Mother Seigel's Syrup not only saved my daughter's life, but gave her a better kind of life than she had ever known. You are free to publish what I have said, and refer to me." (Signed) Emma Ferridge, 1, Fountain Place, Western Road, Mitcham, Surrey, June 16, 1898.

Not consumpti 1. Digestive torpidity, with anæmia, and weakness arising from it. There are millions of girls of this sort, creeping miserably along for a few years, then dropping into their graves. For them, and their mothers, this record is printed. Mrs. Ferridge is a shopkeeper—is well known and respected in Mitcham.

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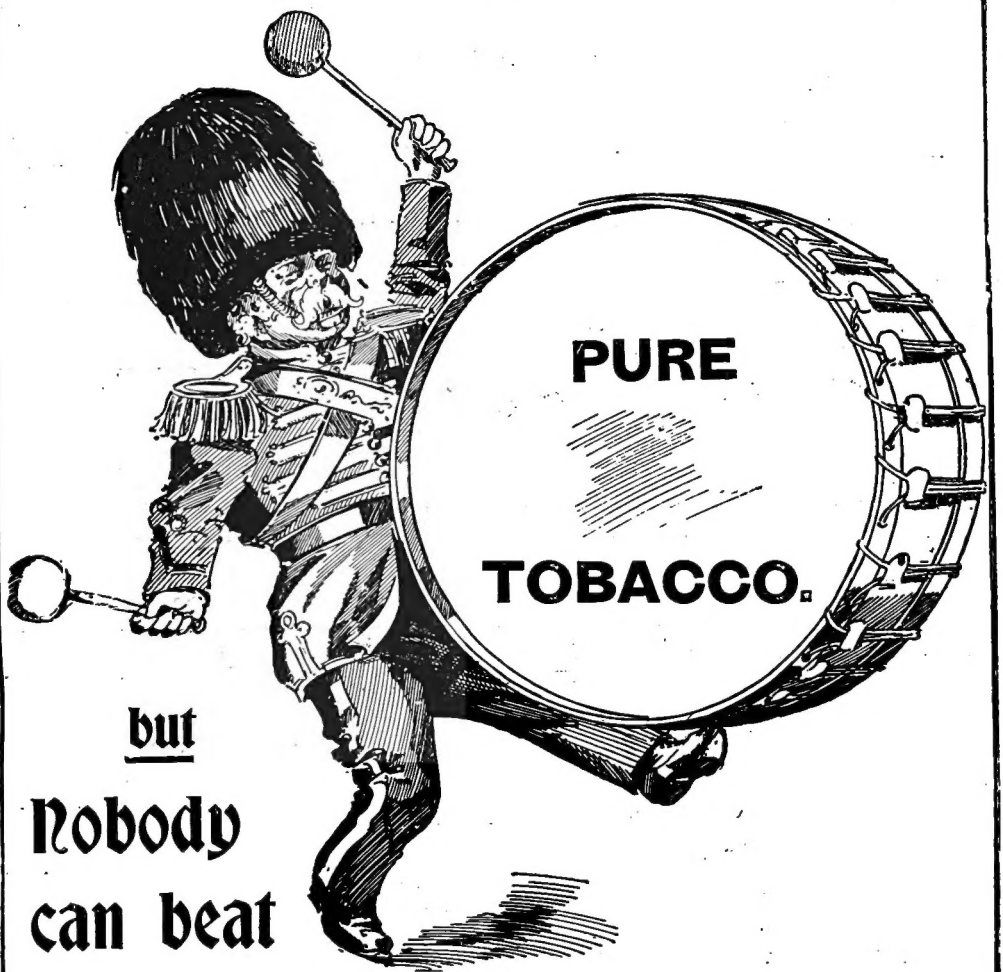

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